

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



THE NEW PARLIAMENT: MR. GULLY, ON HIS RE-ELECTION AS SPEAKER, RETURNING THANKS FROM THE STEPS OF THE CHAIR.

Drawn by Mr. S. Begg.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

An article in the *Monthly Review* on "International Ethics," by Professor Villari, is a lucid statement of the difficulties that beset all estimates of morality in politics. We know what is moral in private affairs, and judge them accordingly—not perhaps with infallible accuracy, but in reasonably close accord with certain broad rules of conduct. But in national affairs the exercise of purely moral obligations bristles with dangers that appal the philosopher. Professor Villari examines typical instances of the policy of brute force in statecraft, and of the policy of magnanimous self-sacrifice. "The unification of Germany, although it was brought about by a series of acts of violence and aggression, and with a total disregard for the rights and feelings of the smaller States and of Austria, has unquestionably been the cause of much happiness and of enormous material and intellectual progress, which is advantageous not to Germany alone, but to all the rest of the civilised world as well." That looks like the principle of doing evil that good may come; but there it stands, consecrated by the judgment of history. On the other hand, there is the principle of doing apparent good from which evil is sure to come. Of Mr. Gladstone's magnanimity to the Transvaal in 1881 Professor Villari says: "It must be confessed that, while it did not soften the feelings of the Boers towards the English, it has proved more disastrous to South Africa than any policy which it is possible to conceive."

Those of us who have memories of the American Civil War recall the almost universal sympathy with the South for three years of the struggle. To this day no Southerner will admit that the cause of the Confederacy was unjust. Technically, it was irresistible. The seceding States had a perfect right to form a nation of their own. They were overwhelmed by brute force, and compelled to return to the Union, which, cemented by what they regarded as the violation of justice, has made the United States so great a Power to-day. Thus the reunification of America, like the unification of Germany, although founded on a destruction of freedom, is now acclaimed by political judgment, and wholly untainted by moral censure. Who troubles to remember that the Confederates were applauded as the champions of abstract right, of weak nationalities against arrogant oppressors, and that every reverse they inflicted on the foe was hailed as the fiat of history and of Heaven!

It would have been magnanimous of the North to let the South go free, and there were not lacking politicians who advised this course for the love of peace. It would have split the Republic into two bickering fragments, and prevented America from achieving the position she holds among the nations. But it would have saved an enormous number of lives and a vast amount of property. Sherman and Sheridan would not have prostrated the South by burning farms and deporting the civilian population of hostile cities, military expedients which some wiseacres to-day suppose to belong exclusively to the Thirty Years' War. Professor Villari does not condemn these American examples of brute force, and they will be condemned by no one save the eccentric moralist who imagines all bloodshed to be an inexpiable crime. But Professor Villari cites other illustrations of brute force—such as the partition of Poland—which cannot be so easily justified by results; and after an impartial review of historical violence and historical magnanimity, he arrives at this conclusion: "Both these systems are open to such serious objections that neither can be accepted as an absolute rule of conduct." This is worth pondering by zealots who think that when the territories of a great Power are invaded and partially annexed by the forces of a diminutive neighbour, the great Power ought gracefully to surrender, so as to escape the odium of trampling on the weak. This odium has been so strongly visited upon England by German sentiment that little German boys, I understand, have been known to express in school exercises the desire to grow up quickly in order to "fight the English." I fear they will not be in time, for the *Cologne Gazette*, which is already grown up, warns the German people against "blind and unintelligent hatred" of this country, and even declares that the German enthusiasts who went to the Transvaal to fight for the Boers are "practically unanimous" in their disillusion.

Some emotional persons fancy they have found an absolute rule of conduct in the Hague Convention. They flourish the Articles which appear to offer a direct censure on the operations of the British troops in South Africa, and they overlook the refusal of the military delegates at the Hague to bind themselves without the slightest reference to unforeseen conditions of warfare. In the preface to the Code occurs this passage, which the British delegate was careful to emphasise: "These provisions, the wording of which has been inspired by the desire to diminish the evils of war, so far as military necessities permit, are destined to serve as general rules of conduct for belligerents in their relations with each other, and with populations." Military necessities must still guide the judgment of commanders, especially in a war in which one of the belligerents has totally obliterated the ordinary distinction

between combatants and non-combatants. Thus the farm-burning in South Africa resolves itself into a question of military necessity, and must be decided, not by sentiment, but by a fair view of the considerations that influenced Sherman and Sheridan, who, strangely enough, have not been compared to Tilly and Wallenstein.

The rule of military necessity is no more absolute than any other; but the people of this country will never believe that the plea of necessity is used by British officers to cover systematic barbarity. The amazing Mr. Kruger is reported to have said in Paris: "We complained to Lord Roberts, and the English General promised that these cruelties should cease." Of course, Lord Roberts has never admitted "these cruelties," and therefore could not have given any such promise. Mr. Kruger and his partisans are so steeped in the bitterness of defeat that they have lost all account of reality. One of them declared the other day that the Boers issued their Ultimatum because the aggressive British were massing troops on the Natal border. Everybody knows that there were not enough troops to defend the colony, much less to invade the Transvaal; that England was wholly unprepared for war, and that the Boers made every preparation to take the offensive. In the Dutch White Book, the Netherlands Government carefully explains how it strove up to the last moment to make Mr. Kruger listen to reason, and with what painful surprise it received the news of the Ultimatum. In a word, every Government in Europe sees Mr. Kruger exactly as he is, without the sentimental halo that he owes to such invincible ignorance as is practised at Utrecht University. My poor Professor there writes to me on a post-card, "He who, knowing the truth, denies it, is a liar!" No doubt; but this sententious aphorism ought to be addressed to Dr. Leyds.

There is one absolute rule of conduct that is expressed in the injunction, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves"; but this is, perhaps, of all injunctions the most difficult to put into practice. I see no trace of it in the singular proposal which a lady, who is engaged in mission-work in China, makes in the *Contemporary Review*. This is nothing less than that missionaries shall become Chinese subjects, and live in full conformity with Chinese ideas, in the hope of making Christianity the "leaven" that shall eventually transform the Chinese mind. How the missionary is to preach Christianity, and make believe that he is Chinese at heart, to the extent of approving infanticide, this new reformer does not tell us. She seems to have the notion that Christianity can be divorced from the whole code of Western civilisation, and grafted upon the Chinese social system, without any loss of spiritual authority. What answer would an East End missionary, let us say, who had been preaching from the text "Suffer little children to come unto me," make to an inquirer who wanted to know why missionaries in China tolerated the practice of murdering superfluous baby girls? Would he say that it was serpentine wisdom and the gentleness of the dove to connive at this abomination until the Christian "leaven" had begun to change the Celestial heart to a state of grace? And if that answer were made, what chance would Christianity have at the East End?

One social reformer among us is grimly justified of his generation. For years Mr. Cuthbert Quilter has vainly striven to persuade the House of Commons to enact that beer shall be made from malt and hops, and from no other ingredient. The House of Commons has declined to put any restraint upon the ingenuity of adulteration. Hence, so much beer is made from arsenic that many people have died, and floods of this liquor have gone down the Manchester sewers to poison the rats. The presence of arsenic was, of course, unsuspected. Some analytical chemist, indeed, had proudly declared that nothing so innocent as the sugar employed in brewing was known to the sophisticated world. The harmless dove, he might have said, was a suspicious character compared to the brewer. It is plain that no brewer would put arsenic into his beer if he could help it. What, then, are we to think of his scientific knowledge? The incriminated sugar eludes detection because nobody concerned is competent to detect it before it can do any mischief. Such is the respect we pay to science in this right little, tight little island! A short Act for the compulsory education of brewers might seem harsh in a country where the great object of legislation is to do everything by halves. But some guarantee that beer shall be rigorously analysed by properly qualified authorities before it is sold to the public may not unreasonably be required by people who don't want cold poison in the tankard.

It used to be said that beef and beer had moulded the national virility. That patriotic tenet has received a blow. Who will sing "John Barleycorn" now with the wonted fervour? What songster has the heart for "The Little Brown Jug"? Will not the hand of the haughtiest barmaid falter as she draws the foaming pint? There is a story of a youthful but ambitious actor who, perceiving a great dramatic critic at a bar, timidly approached him, and said, "Far be it from me to bribe the Press, but may I offer you a bitter?" What horrible misgiving will such an innocent advance excite now even in the noblest mind!

## MUSIC.

On Tuesday, Nov. 27, Signor Busoni gave a pianoforte recital at the Queen's Hall. His programme began with an interesting toccata, adagio, and fugue, which was written by Bach for the organ. Signor Busoni himself is answerable for its adaptation—its transcription, rather—for the piano. For the organ it has a world-wide reputation, being generally called "the Great Toccata and Fugue in C major." The toccata is primarily a seventeenth-century composition to enable a performer to show the value of his touch on the instrument; but it does more than fulfil its Italian derivation in this instance: it gives a brilliant and at the same time a chastened exhibition of Bach's genius—Bach in instrumental music is very much what the severe music of Palestrina is vocally. His work has exquisite melody, as in this adagio, but it is a melody that is brought into order and form, that is never allowed to be sensuous or unbridled, and this is possibly why his music is so ennobling. Goethe says, "It is with Bach as if the eternal harmonies discoursed with one another." Without, perhaps, acquiescing entirely, it can be denied by no one that the erotic or pagan element is entirely eliminated. Signor Busoni did full justice to the elaborate technical difficulties, but was more popular in his rendering of the "Appassionata" Sonata of Beethoven. Here, indeed, he had his chance of expression, for was there ever a more emotional piece of music, constrained as it is in the classical form of a sonata? The variations in the second movement, and the finale with its discords, won great applause. In the second part of the programme Signor Busoni devoted himself principally to a sonata in B minor of Chopin. It is very difficult to realise that it is a sonata after the accepted traditions, for it is lyrical, melodious, and emotional. The third movement is a delightful nocturne. This sonata won an encore, and the recital finished with a tarantella arranged by Liszt from Auber's opera "Masaniello." The tarantella in the opera is danced in the market-scene.

Nov. 30 being the day dedicated to St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, a large and elaborate Scotch concert was arranged by Mr. William Carter at the Albert Hall. The programme began with a strenuous appeal to the consciences of the audience to demand and force no encores, giving many weighty reasons, including an Italian proverb which, being freely translated, reads—"Silence is the greatest homage to music." Very possibly, but scarcely to musicians, whose artistic temperament demands the outspoken sympathy and pleasure of the audience. The more prosaic reason that thirty-three items of music would alone take three hours was a more forcible argument, and so the old favourite ballads of Scottish life were allowed to go unchallenged. The concert began with the pipers of the Scots Guards marching through the hall and galleries; while the band of the Scots Guards and the organ played the National Anthem, which was admirably sung by Mr. Carter's choir. Madame Alice Gomez sang the songs, "Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?" and "Jock o' Hazeldean"; Mr. Iver McKay sang Mr. Cummings' stirring patriotic song, "A Welcome to the C.I.V.," and Mr. Watkin Mills sang with vigour "The Wedding of Shon Maclean."

The second appearance of Lady Hallé was the chief attraction at the Saturday Popular Concert on Dec. 1, and the enthusiasm was great. She played three times, once in a solo, a Romance in G major taken from a Hungarian concerto of Joachim, and Mr. Bird was the pianoforte accompanist. The romance is taken from the third movement, and has bold gipsy passages. Lady Hallé also played in a sextet of Brahms, and a quintet in E major of Dvorák. The latter is scored for the pianoforte, two violins, a viola, and violoncello.

An interesting first performance in England of an unfinished Concerto (Andante and Finale) by Tchaikowsky was given the other day at Bournemouth by the famous municipal orchestra under Mr. Dan Godfrey jun. The piano part was played with admirable artistic power and feeling by Mr. Julian Clifford, the young pianist of whom Sir Arthur Sullivan held golden opinions. M. I. H.

Messrs. Agnew (Old Bond Street) have invited the public to a banquet at which Prudence is not an uninvited guest, but may be regarded as the presiding deity. None know better than the astute members of this firm the trend of popular taste, the elasticity of patrons' purses, and the limits of painters' powers. An assemblage of three dozen works made under such considerations should fairly represent "Art in 1900" in its most attractive features. Messrs. Agnew know very well that cabinet pictures commend themselves more to the taste of purchasers than larger Academic works, and they have limited the artists invited to canvases of moderate dimension. One's chief regret is that Messrs. Agnew's anticipations have not been more fully realised, and that the exhibition is not more worthy of the occasion—the ringing down of the curtain of the nineteenth century. The various pictures are doubtless characteristic of their painters, but they can scarcely be said to be first-rate examples. Perhaps "The Parting of the Ways," by Mr. Orchardson, and "The Burning Heart," by Mr. Frank Dicksee, will, on the whole, be regarded as the most successful. In each case the canvas is filled by a single figure, and the spectator is left to torment his imagination to fit the title to the subject, but in both cases the scheme of colour is most masterful. Sir L. Alma-Tadema's "Vain Courtship" introduces us to a fresh type of Roman beauty, with dark hair and rich flesh-tones; but Mr. Luke Fildes can furnish nothing more original than a replica on a small scale of "The Doctor." Mr. George Clausen's "October Twilight," Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Moat," and Mr. H. La Thangue's "Sussex Farm" are chiefly interesting as showing the different ways in which painters see Nature; whilst Mr. Abbey and Mr. Storey (who, by the way, shows some of his earlier style) give their respective readings of Elizabethan life and character. It will thus be seen that Messrs. Agnew have mingled without favour the old staggers with the new-comers in the field of art, and have afforded the public an opportunity of estimating the place in the art record of the nineteenth century which its last year will occupy.



## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

There is always a distinction about the work at the "old Society" which one misses in other exhibitions. A reverence for ancient tradition seems to overhang, while it does not subdue, the aspirations of even the more eclectic members. Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. Matthew Hale, who divide pretty equally the honours of this winter exhibition, are directly indebted to Turner, and Mr. Charles Gregory also, but in a lesser degree. De Wint and Fred Walker are influences which have not disappeared from English water-colour painting. Mr. T. M. Rooke enjoys the special position which fifty years ago was occupied by Prout, both owing it to the power of making architectural drawing picturesque. Of Mr. Albert Goodwin's eight effects of light and colour, the view from the roof of Milan Cathedral is the most ambitious, but not the most fanciful, as his treatment of Cairo and the walled town of Freybourg, in Switzerland, will testify. It is a surprise, however, to find Mr. Goodwin as a figure-painter, but the sheet of "Figure Studies" bears witness, as do his pencil drawings, of the minute care with which he works. Mr. Matthew Hale shows unwonted force and variety, in many cases reaching the limits of poetic landscape. As in the grey rendering of Chartres, or in the murky atmosphere about Bristol Cathedral, Mr. Herbert Marshall's efforts in the same line are generally a trifle prosaic compared with Mr. Hale's, but in his "Grey Morning at Whitby" and "A Harbour of England" he strikes a higher note than in the majority of his Dutch subjects. Mr. T. M. Rooke's most important work, a careful drawing of Senlis Cathedral, has been purchased by the Birmingham Corporation for the use of students in their Art Gallery, and a better selection could scarcely be made, for it commends itself alike to students of architecture and painting; and there are half-a-dozen other works by him, all pointing in the same direction. Miss Rose Barton, who at one time threatened to follow Mr. Herbert Marshall in his researches into the mysteries of London, now revels in the clift yew-hedges of "My Lady's Garden," which she paints with breadth and a fine sense of colour. Mr. Charles Gregory's "Surrey Town," embedded in foliage glowing with autumn tints, and the bright landscape "In Cloth of Gold," are brilliant.

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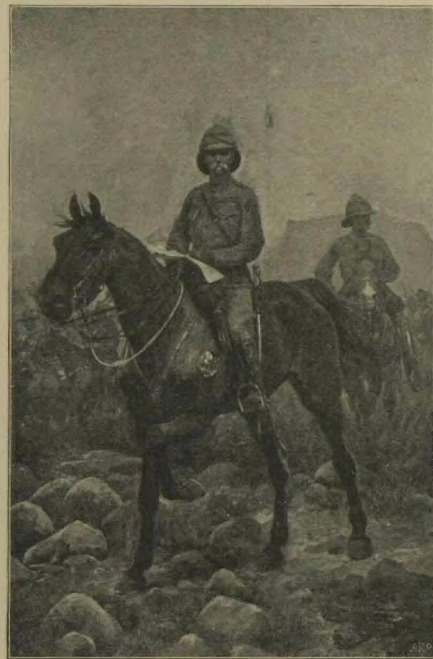
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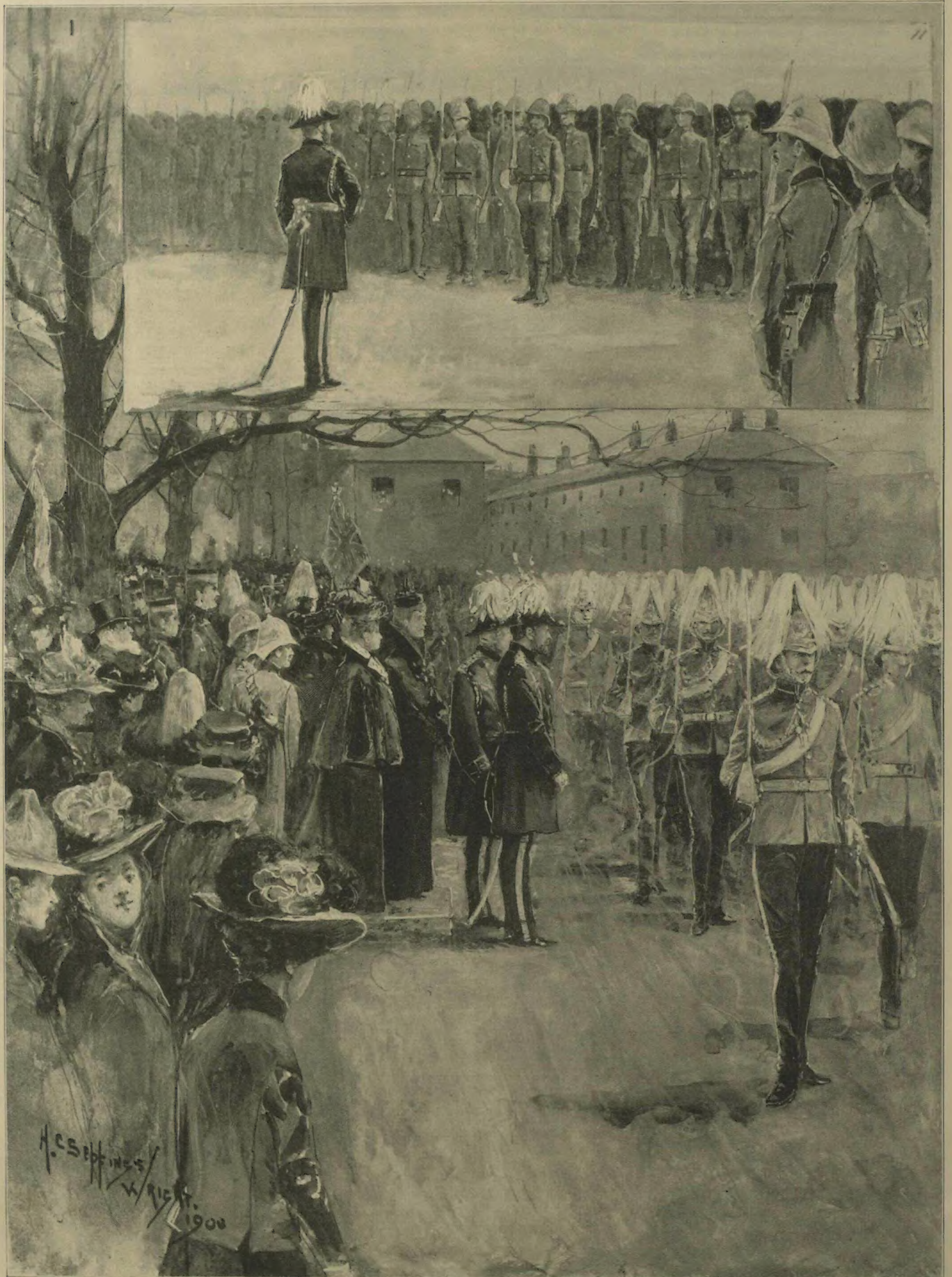
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THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE TROOPS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.



1. The Prince of Wales watching the Guards march past.

2. His Royal Highness thanking the Canadians.

SCENES AT REGENT'S PARK BARRACKS.



THE QUEEN AND HER TROOPS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

*Photographs by J. Russell and Sons, Windsor.*



HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE LIFE GUARDS AT WINDSOR.



HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE CANADIAN TROOPS AT WINDSOR: "THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN!"



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

The first meeting of the new Parliament was distinguished by all the well-known formalities. Mr. Gully sat on an unofficial bench, trying to look like nobody in particular. The Chief Clerk suddenly rose and pointed silently at Sir James Fergusson. Sir James, thus adjured, had a remarkable inspiration. He proposed that Mr. Gully should be re-elected Speaker; and Mr. Gully looked astonished, as who should say, "The very idea! However, nobody will second such a proposal." But it was seconded, and adopted without a dissentient voice, and Mr. Gully, as if saying to himself, "Upon my word, this is past a joke," arrayed himself in a bob-wig, thus signifying that he had been elected Speaker by the House of Commons, but had not yet submitted himself to the approval of the Queen. That ended the first day's proceedings. On the second day Mr. Gully, still in the bob-wig, marched at the head of the Commons to the House of Lords, where the Lord Chancellor and two or three peers, and one peeress in the gallery, received him with smiles. The Lord Chancellor told him that the Queen was pleased to hear of his election, and considered him a very excellent man. It may be that Mr. Gully thought "What, the Queen takes it seriously! Well, I suppose I must humour her Majesty." So he declared that he was the Queen's faithful and devoted servant, and then he and the Commons marched back again; and to prove that he was Speaker indeed, he doffed his bob-wig and put on his full-bottomed wig and robes of office, and said to the Chief Clerk, "Swear everybody in." Two more days were spent in swearing. Five members at a time stood in a row, and took the oath simultaneously, Mr. Gully surveying them critically, assisted by a Parliamentary directory containing their names, constituencies, and portraits. In this way the Speaker acquires an astonishing knowledge of the faces of new members, so that when one of them catches his eye in debate, Mr. Gully can instantly invite him by name to take the floor.

## THE ROYAL REVIEWS.

On Nov. 29, the anniversary of their departure for South Africa, the squadron of the Life Guards returned to Windsor to be inspected by the Queen. The inspection took place in very inclement weather, but that did not damp the enthusiasm of the troops. Her Majesty in a short speech expressed her appreciation of the contingent's

thanks for the admirable services rendered in the war by the Canadian troops. I wish you all a safe and happy return to your homes." Colonel Otter made a suitable reply, and her Majesty spoke to a corporal, one of whose feet had been amputated in consequence of a wound. Cheers for the Queen and dinner for the men in the Riding School ended the ceremony. On Monday the same Canadian troops, joined by the detachments of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, just back from South Africa, were inspected by the Prince of Wales at Regent's Park Barracks. The Prince briefly addressed the men, thanking them for their services, and congratulating them on their safe return from the seat of war.



THE MURDER OF MR. JENNER: KISMAYU, THE JUBALAND PORT WHENCE THE BRITISH FORCES ARE PROCEEDING AGAINST THE MURDERERS.

The place is surrounded by a barbed wire entanglement. (SEE "PERSONAL.")

In response to the call of Colonel Miles the troopers raised three stirring cheers for the Prince of Wales.

## MR. SCHÖNBERG'S CHINESE PICTURES.

Referring to his sketches which we publish this week, Mr. John Schönberg, our Special Artist in China, writes as follows: "On the occasion of the reconnaissance with the Punjab Infantry, Captain Soady invited me to accompany the troops. We left Innerfort, near Feng-tai, at six in the morning, and before ten o'clock, after brisk marching, had covered ten miles. The Russian captain had promised to support us with 150 men, but finally left us in the lurch. Halting at ten o'clock among the mountains, we sighted the 'Boxers,' who steadily retreated, keeping well out of range, although their force was much stronger than ours. They never let our men come within gunshot of them. A joss-house was set on fire, and at two o'clock the troops, by this time thoroughly tired out,

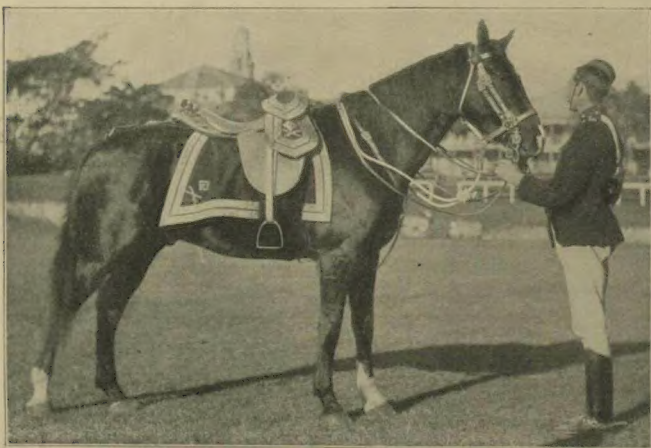
## THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Lord Roberts, in a telegram despatched on Wednesday last week, had to send some relatively serious news from Dewetsdorp. The garrison, about four hundred in number, consisting of detachments of the Gloucestershire Regiment, the Highland Light Infantry, and the Irish Rifles, with two guns of the 68th Battery, surrendered to the enemy after losing fifteen men killed and over forty wounded. General Charles Knox, with a strong force, arriving at Dewetsdorp shortly afterwards, found it evacuated, and thereupon pursued De Wet; whose commando is said to be broken up into three bodies, to be cut off from the Orange River, and to be once more "surrounded." Certain it is that Knox got into touch with the rearguard of the fugitive force on the road to Smithfield, and took two wagons, losing a non-commissioned officer killed and six men wounded. Smaller engagements, where the fortune was all ours, are reported from De Wagen Drift, from Tiger Kloof, from near Bethlehem, from Springs, from Bultfontein, and from Bronkhorst Spruit. At the last-named place General Paget encountered some severe fighting, in the course of which Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd, commanding the West Riding Regiment, and thirteen men were killed; while the tale of the wounded included ten officers and sixty men. Of the ten officers, five belonged to the New Zealanders, whose gallantry was conspicuous.

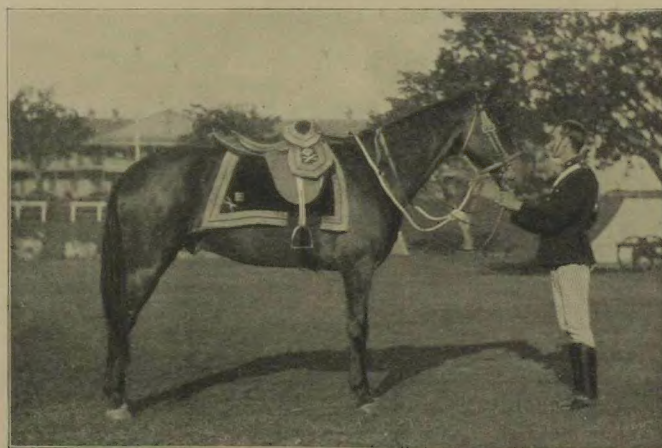
The telegraphic despatch containing the Dewetsdorp intelligence was dated by Lord Roberts from Johannesburg. An illustration of the church which he attended in that city appears elsewhere in our pages—the church which, a week ago, was suspected of being the scene for a projected conspiracy against the life of the Commander-in-Chief. Evidence to convict the eight men arrested on suspicion of such a plot is not convincing; and they are to be deported as "undesirables." Lord Roberts himself left Johannesburg for Durban, on his way home, amid great demonstrations of popularity and good-will. He has bidden farewell to the army in an inspiring address, leaving General Kitchener, now promoted to be Lieutenant-General, in command. "You have," he says in his address to the troops, "acted up to the highest standard of patriotism. Is it any wonder that I am intensely proud of that Army I have commanded."

AUSTRALIAN PRESENTATION TO  
BADEN-POWELL.

During the siege of Mafeking, two Sydney newspapers, the *Sunday Times* and the *Referee*, opened a shilling fund



BLACK PRINCE.



ORARA.

## AUSTRALIAN PRESENTS TO GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

war service; and Colonel Miles, who was in command, returned thanks on behalf of officers and men. On Friday morning, Nov. 30, the Queen inspected at Windsor, in the quadrangle of the Castle, the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry Volunteers from all parts of Canada, recently returned from South Africa. Under Colonel Otter they received with a royal salute her Majesty, who was accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Alice of Albany. After a march past the Queen's carriage in fours, the Volunteers drew up in close column of companies, the officers in front, and were addressed by her Majesty, who said: "I am very glad to see you here to-day, and to express my warm

horse and foot alike, returned to camp, which they reached by sunset." Another illustration of Mr. Schönberg's, which has been delayed in transmission, refers to the attack on the forts on Sept. 25, where the Austrians signally distinguished themselves. The attacking force lost nine men through the explosion of underground mines. The drawing shows the combined attack delivered by the Austrian and German sailors. Mr. Schönberg's third full-page picture shows the heliograph post at the ruined Feng-tai Junction. The outpost, which is twelve miles from the British Legation in Peking, is the furthest advanced position of the English troops. It is garrisoned night and day, and all orders from Peking are there received.

to provide a testimonial to General Baden-Powell. One of the first subscribers was Earl Beauchamp, and the response was so hearty that the lists were speedily closed. The presentation is to consist of two horses, with saddle and equipments, and a sword of honour. The horses—Orara and Black Prince, the one a fine animal for military races, the other a superb officer's charger—were shipped on Oct. 20 for Cape Town. The sword of honour, costing 400 guineas, and the saddle, costing £300, have been prepared from competitive designs. The sword is not completed, but will be presented as early as possible. On the committee are Sir Matthew Harris, Mayor of Sydney (chairman), Major-General French and other eminent colonials.



## PERSONAL.

It seems to be thought that the Kaiser's refusal to see Mr. Kruger might have been intimated to him in Paris, so as to spare him the abortive journey to Cologne. The explanation is that Mr. Kruger's advisers neglected the usual formalities, so that the Kaiser had no official cognisance of Mr. Kruger's intentions until the ex-President was on his way. German etiquette cannot be treated like that with impunity.

Dr. Parker is to edit the London *Sun* during Christmas week. This experiment will be watched with great interest in the newspaper world. Whatever may be thought of Dr. Parker's opinions, he has no lack of energy and initiative, and it is not improbable that in the course of a week he may strike out some line of journalism that the average editor will be glad to adopt.

Sir William Huggins, who is the fortunate and successful director of an observatory of his own on Tulse Hill, was born a Londoner in 1824, and was educated at the City of London School. The development of Spectroscopic Astronomy has been his ambition and his achievement these forty years. Other spheres of usefulness have been his. He was Rede Lecturer in 1869; President of the Royal Astronomical Society from 1876 to 1878; and President of the British Association in 1891. He has received a Royal, a Rumford, and a Copley medal from the Royal Society, of which he is a Fellow; two medals from the Royal Astronomical Society; and several prizes from the Académie de France. His K.C.B. dates from three years back; he has the Brazilian Order of the Rose, and is D.C.L., LL.D., and Ph.D. The latest, but not the least, of his honours was conferred on him as recently as a month ago, when he was elected to succeed Lord Lister as President of the Royal Society.

The Irish Episcopate has furnished of late a group of names that have made their mark in the literary world—Alexander, Graves, Trench. Archbishop Alexander has just produced a new volume of verse; and now a near relation of the late Archbishop Trench of Dublin—Mr. Herbert Trench—is to publish, under the title of "Deirdre Wed," a first volume of poems, which have already become the subject of highly favourable report.

Mr. Martin Harvey complains that the censor of plays would not allow him to produce a piece founded on the story of Joseph, and played with great success in Australia. The rule here is that Biblical characters must not be put upon the stage, and it is a rule that is likely to be maintained. This has nothing to do with the office of the censor; it is public opinion, which neither he nor anyone else can afford to disregard.

Mr. Adolphe Pollitzer, the Director of the London Academy of Music, who died, after a short illness, at his house in Hamilton Terrace, N.W. was one of several Hungarian pupils of Böhm in Vienna who afterwards attained prominent positions in the musical world. Born at Perth in the memorable year 1832, he went while still a very young boy to Vienna, where, at the age of fourteen, he gained a prize. A concert tour in Germany, and a course of further study in Paris under Alard, prepared Mr. Pollitzer for his London career, which began in 1851 with the leadership of the orchestra at her Majesty's Opera. He led the new Philharmonic orchestra under the directorship of Dr. Henry Wylde, whom he succeeded as the head of the London Academy in 1890.

Mr. Hanbury, President of the Board of Agriculture, has been complaining of the hardship that forces the newly appointed Cabinet Minister to seek re-election. But this is in accordance with the Constitution, and a high authority is never tired of warning us that, no matter what abuses may cry out for reform, the Constitution must be obeyed. This is to treat the Constitution as if it were a written code, instead of a body of precedents that can be modified.

Dr. Parkhurst, the well-known social reformer in New York, wants an American newspaper that will tell him the truth. At present, he says, any statement of fact in a New York paper cannot be accepted until it is verified by careful collation with other papers. When Dr. Parkhurst reads the London *Times* he knows that its statements of fact need not be subjected to this process, and he wants the same guarantee from an American journal.

Bad news comes from British East Africa. The Ogaden Somalis have risen against the Government in Jubaland, and the Sub-Commissioner, Mr. A. Jenner, has been murdered. The inhabitants of the districts bordering the Juba have been gradually pushing southward in the British sphere of influence, gaining the advantageous control of the outlets to the sea, and thus securing a monopoly of trade from the interior. They are a warlike race, and under European leading have proved themselves to be formidable in the field. They are tall, muscular, and handsome, wear white cloth wound round the body, and have for their weapons a long spear, a short, broad knife, a short club of hard wood, and a hide shield. Mr. Jenner had recently left the seaport of Kisumu for a tour of inspection inland. He was in his camp on Nov. 13 when he was treacherously attacked and killed.

Among the returned Canadian troops who paraded before the Queen at Windsor on Nov. 30 there was no more noteworthy figure than that of Corporal Armstrong, who had lost a foot in South Africa. By her Majesty's special command, Corporal Armstrong was presented to her, and

a Captain of Derbyshire Yeomanry Cavalry. He has sat for West Derbyshire since 1891, and his interest in Church affairs is indicated by his acceptance of the joint Honorary Secretaryship of the House of Commons Church Parliamentary party. He married, eight years ago, Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, eldest daughter of the fifth Marquis of Lansdowne.

Lord Roberts's address to the Army in South Africa is one of the most stirring compositions in military annals. He knows what his troops have done, and of what they are capable, and he gives them the highest praise that could be accorded by a great commander and a humane man. Lord Roberts particularly dwells on the cheerfulness of the British soldier under privations. After that tribute it is amusing to find the Austrian General Rattenhofer pooh-poohing the British soldier as a kind of sybarite who takes no interest in his work!

At Seabank, Bournemouth, where he has resided for several years, the death of General Sir George Willis has occurred. The son of Mr. George Willis, of Sopley Park, Hants, he was born in 1823.

He joined the 77th Foot when he was eighteen, and served in Malta, Corfu, Jamaica, Nova Scotia, Canada, and the Crimea, where he got several wounds and did continuous duty in the trenches for a hundred hours. Promotion came to him at once, and he was acting as Adjutant-Quartermaster-General of the Fourth Division when the Crimea was evacuated. A number of Staff appointments followed in various parts of the globe, and at home he had the command of the Northern District so many as twenty years ago. In 1882 he led the First Division in the Egyptian Expedition, and was wounded at Tel-el-Kebir. He had the command of the Southern District after his return home, and held it till 1899. The General was a great lover of all sorts of sport—a hunter, a yachtsman, a fisher, a cricketer, and an oarsman. He was twice married; first, to Eliza, daughter of Mr. George Morgan, M.P., and secondly to Ada, daughter of Sir John Neeld, Bart. Lady Willis and her four sons were the chief mourners at the funeral on Tuesday.

Forty-two ladies at Pretoria have indignantly denied the assertion of "a Mr. Richard Harding Davis" that the British officers imprisoned in that town made themselves offensive to women. It is clear, from their names, that sixteen of these ladies do not belong to our own nationality. They complain that Mr. Davis's stupid gossip was adopted by Mr. Stead. Evidently it is not yet understood at Pretoria that not the smallest importance is attached in England to Mr. Stead's opinions. One of the most inexplicable details of the whole affair was the appearance of Mr. Harding Davis's allegations in an American paper of high standing.

Dr. Herbert Edward Ryle, Honorary Canon of Ripon and President of Queens' College, Cambridge, who has been appointed Bishop of Exeter, carries on the episcopal tradition of his family, for he is the second son of the late Bishop of Liverpool. Dr. Ryle, who is in his forty-fifth year, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he crowned a distinguished career with a Fellowship at King's College in 1881. Since 1887 he has held the post of Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and was previously Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter. His contributions to the literature of divinity are considerable.

Mr. McKimley has delivered himself of a Message to Congress fifteen columns long. It has some negative merits. For instance, there is nothing in it that can encourage Mr. Kruger to visit America. That omission is a gain to the general stock of good sense. Mr. McKimley is cautious but friendly in his allusions to this country. He shows no excitement even in regard to the Alaskan boundary. Clearly there is no danger that this question will set England and America by the ears.

Some discontented person wants to know why the inhabitants of the United States should monopolise the title of "Americans," while the inhabitants of Canada are called Canadians, and the people in the South American Republics are Brazilians, Peruvians, and so on. He suggests that the United States population should be called Yankees. Perhaps Mr. McKimley will deal with this in his next Message; but in the meantime let us hope that no American journal will demand satisfaction from the British Government.

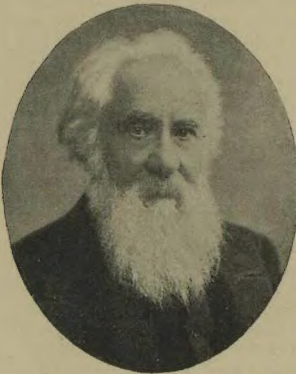


Photo. Brown, Barnes, and Bell.  
SIR W. HUGGINS,  
New President of the Royal Society.



Photo. Mayall.  
MR. A. JENNER,  
Murdered by Somalis.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE GENERAL SIR G. WILLIS,  
Crimean Veteran.



Photo. Russell.  
CORPORAL B. R. ARMSTRONG  
(ROYAL CANADIAN RIFLES), PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

the Queen inquired when and where he received his wound, and cordially wished him a speedy restoration to health and strength. Her Majesty, with her usual consideration, ordered a chair to be brought for the maimed soldier, but he chose to remain standing throughout the proceedings. Corporal Armstrong is a son of Colonel Armstrong, of St. John, New Brunswick. Our portrait was taken at Windsor just after the review.

Mr. Victor Christian William Cavendish, the newly appointed Treasurer of her Majesty's Household, sits in Parliament as Liberal Unionist member for West Derbyshire. The eldest son of the late Lord Edward Cavendish, he was born in 1868, and is nephew and heir-presumptive to the present Duke of Devonshire. His mother, a daughter of the late Right Hon. William Lascelles, did service, when she was the Hon. Elizabeth Lascelles, as Maid-of-Honour to her Majesty, and was afterwards Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Helena.

Mr. Victor Cavendish was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; is a D.L. and J.P. for Lancashire and

Photo. Stearns, Bakerrell.  
MR. VICTOR CAVENDISH, M.P.,  
New Treasurer of her Majesty's Household.

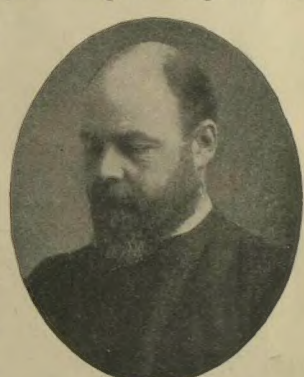


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
CANON RYLE,  
New Bishop of Exeter.



## MOVERS AND SECONDRS OF THE ADDRESS.

The Earl of Lathom, who proposed the Address to the Throne in the House of Lords, is Edward George Bootle-Wilbraham, and is thirty-six years of age. The family is a great one in Lancashire, and, under the title of Baron Skelmersdale, a member of the family made his mark on history as the mover of an amendment which upset a Government. The present Earl of Lathom, who has held the title for two years, is the son of parents both universally respected. His mother was Alice, daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, and he himself married, in 1889, Lady Wilma Pleydell-Bouverie, daughter of the fifth Earl of Radnor. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly a Major in the Blues. For one of his sisters, Alice Maud, Princess Alice stood sponsor; and another of them, Florence Mary, married the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne Cecil, second son of the Marquis of Salisbury. Lord Lathom's eldest son, Lord Skelmersdale, is five years of age.

Lord Monk Bretton, the seconder of the Address in the Upper Chamber, is John William Dodson, the son of the first Baron of his line, who is still remembered in the world of politics as Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, President of the Local Government Board, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The present Lord Monk Bretton, who succeeded to the title during the course of the last Parliament, was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, and is now thirty-one years of age. He is a D.L., a J.P., and C.C. for Sussex. An ancestor of Lord Monk Bretton was knighted by



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE EARL OF LATHOM,  
Mover of the Address in the House of Lords.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
LORD MONK BRETTON,  
Seconder of the Address in the House of Lords.



Photo. Bassano.  
THE HON. J. E. GORDON,  
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons.

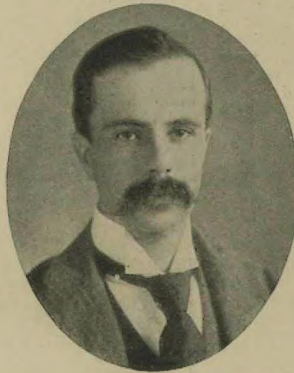


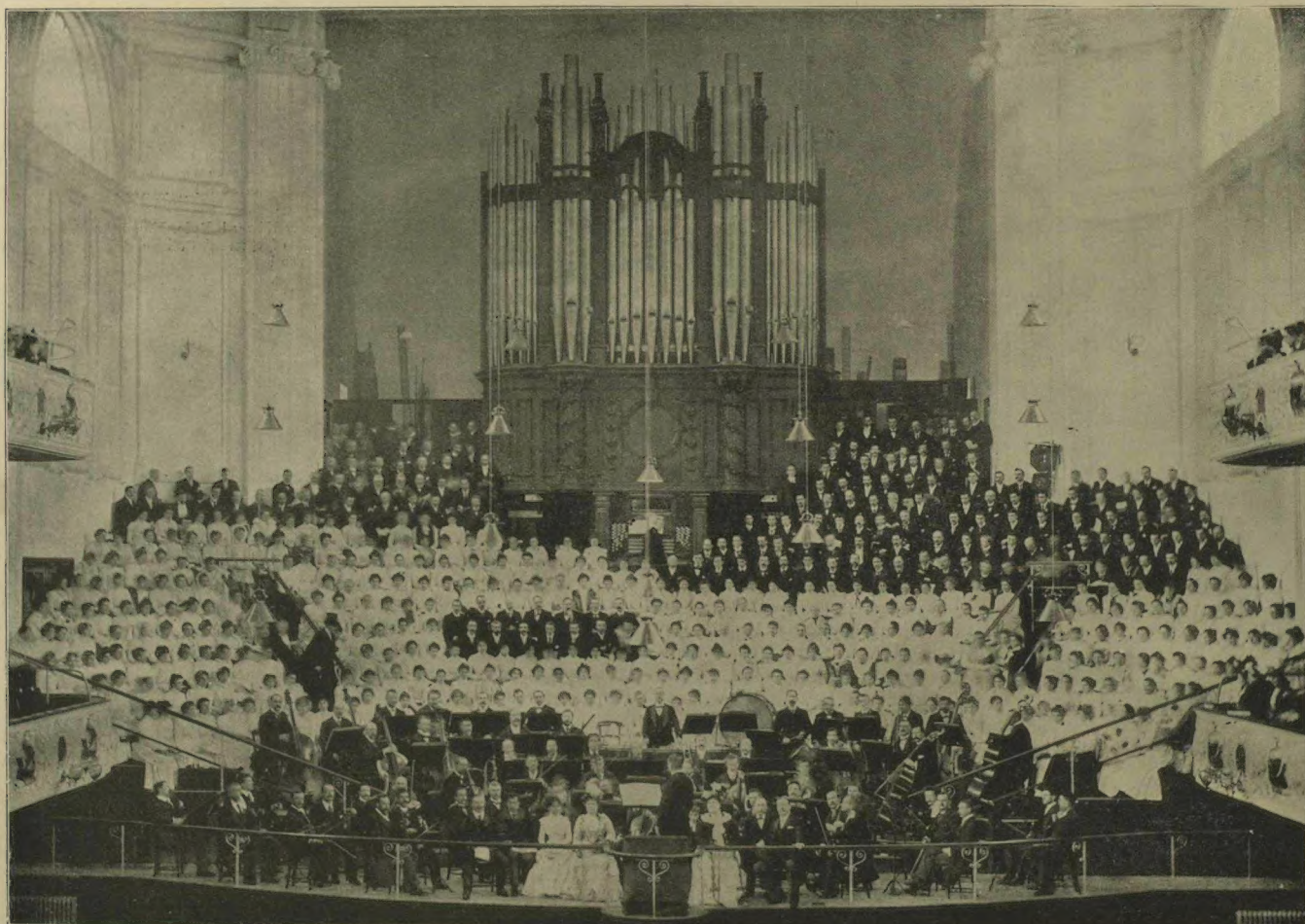
Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
MR. FITZALAN HOPE,  
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDRS OF THE ADDRESS.

Charles II.; and in Luttrell's "Relation of State Affairs" there are frequent allusions to Sir William Dodson, as well as to Mr. Thomas Dodson, M.P. for Liskeard, Cornwall, who died in 1707 from the effects of a sword-thrust received in a duel.

The Hon. John Edward Gordon, M.P. for Elgin and Nairn, the mover of the Address to her Majesty in the House of Commons, is the eldest son of the late Lord Gordon of Drumearn. He was born in 1850, and was educated in Edinburgh at the Academy and the University. Since 1876 he has been a member of the London Stock Exchange. He was first elected for the constituency which he now represents in 1875. In 1879 Mr. Gordon married Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Snowden Henry, of Eastdene, Bonchurch, former M.P. for South-East Lancashire.

The seconder of the Address, Mr. James Fitzalan Hope, M.P. for the Brightside Division of Sheffield, is a son of the late Mr. J. R. Hope-Scott, Q.C. His mother was Lady Victoria Howard, daughter of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk. Born in 1870, Mr. Fitzalan Hope was educated at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, where he came under the influence of Cardinal Newman, and at Christ Church, Oxford. Mr. Fitzalan Hope acted as private secretary to the Duke of Norfolk during his Grace's tenure of office as Postmaster-General, and to-day he fills a similar post to Lord Londonderry. In 1892 he married Mabel, daughter of Mr. Francis Riddell, of Chesham Grange, Northumberland. He now enters the House of Commons for the first time.



THE REOPENING OF COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL: THE ORCHESTRA AT THE INAUGURAL PERFORMANCE.

Photo. Ivor Castle, Clifton.

Colston Hall, Bristol, destroyed by fire during the Trades Union Congress in 1898, has now been rebuilt, and was opened on the afternoon of November 21 with a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The new hall, designed by Messrs. Jones and Cummings, London, holds 4000 persons, the orchestra accommodating 750 performers. Our photograph, taken at the inaugural performance, shows the band and chorus under the leadership of Mr. George Halsey.





## The Man who Stalked a Gun.

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"THAT is a pretty bad business about young Stonehenge."

"Which of the young Stonehenges?"

"Jim, the rancher from Atley."

"That is the chawbacon fellow with the great square shoulders, isn't it? They are so confoundedly alike that I can scarcely tell 't'other from which."

"They are a good deal alike, as animals, but it ends there. I always think Cuthbert has in him the making of a fine man."

"It's a pity that the man isn't made, then. I expect the old father would be thankful if Cuthbert would only rise to the level of his chawbacon brother. He can keep himself."

"Yes. It's just the way he has been keeping himself that has got him into trouble."

"Why, what has happened to him?"

"Jones, the constable, has run him in for cattle-stealing."

"Oh, nonsense. I never liked the lad, but his people could never come to that, and, besides, he has no need to steal. He has been making money hand over hand, and his band of cattle has increased wonderfully of late."

"That's it. And other people's bands have decreased in proportion."

"That story won't wash, Jeffries. The fellow is too stupid."

"Stupid! Is he? Did you ever hear of anyone who got the better of Jim Stonehenge in a cattle deal? Did you, for instance, last March?"

"No," said the other, with a wry face, "but that was fair enough for a horse deal."

"But altering other people's brands is not. I can tell you, the evidence is pretty conclusive against the fellow, and some of his neighbours will make the case go hard against him."

"Who are the witnesses?"

"Frankwell from Atley, and Parr, and young Smethcote, the half-breed, are the most important. There are others, but they can't swear to anything."

"And your virtuous trinity will swear to anything, Jeffries. If we had the old chief here, he would acquit Stonehenge because those men witnessed against him, and so would I."

"But you are not the Judge, my dear fellow, and our Judges nowadays are lawyers."

"Who don't know the people, worse luck. It will break old Stonehenge's heart. The days when he 'was in the service, you know,' will seem a long, long time ago to-day."

"No harm in that. I'm pretty sick, for one, of the old man's frills, though he might have been let down a little more gently. Are you going to hear the case?"

"I've nothing else to do; but let us go and see the old man first, and tell him we don't believe in the yarn. It will cheer him up and seem neighbourly, and, of course, the case will end in an acquittal."

But the case did not; and the two friends, who were not bad fellows at heart, though a little intolerant of a neighbour who had come down to ranching instead of having grown up with the country, had to see the old man home as best they could.

He was hardly fit to take care of himself that night.

Twenty years before, he had come out West to make another fortune for the London beauty who had married him when he was as smart an officer as any in her Majesty's Hussars.

"Only a year or two, Lassie—three or four at the most, and then, before the babies have had time to pick up any accent, we'll take them home again," he had said. "You have no notion how quickly men make money in this cattle business. With our start, in four years we shall have the ranch on a paying basis, and shall be able to leave some hired fellow in charge to look after the cattle and send us the income. It may be a rough picnic at first, but not bad fun for people as young as we are."

And she, womanlike, had believed in him, and expected that the new life would be good fun, and for a year or two made it so, keeping her heart up though her back ached, and it became daily more difficult to look upon hard labour as a frolic.

It is all very well to play at being your own servant, to show how deftly you can light a fire or make bread, or do a hundred and one other things which you have never been brought up to do; but the fun of it wears off when it has to be done day after day and year after year.

"Wife, how shockingly rough your hands are becoming!" said Stonehenge one evening about six years after they had left England. "You ought to wear gloves when you handle those beastly stoves."

"Why, Robert, what does it matter about my hands?"

"Matter, my child! How would those hands look at the Grange?"

"Child" and "the Grange," Robert," she answered, choking back a sob. "You forget."

And then, for the first time, it came upon him that he had been forgetting—forgetting that the limit of their proposed sojourn had passed, that the years were rolling on and the goal no nearer—rather, was it more remote.

But there was no time to think. Even steers can become tyrants if you try to make money out of them, and so he went on with his dull round of daily "chores" and forgot, except now and then.

Once an indistinct ray of strong spring sunshine wandered into that delicate disorder of what he had once loved as girlish gold, and his heart ached as he saw that there was now more grey in it than gold.

The touch of old age was upon them, and he was a Canadian now—only a colonist, as they would have said in the clubs—and he would never be anything else again in this world.

The England he had left for a year or two had slipped from his grasp for ever. Good God! how he loved it still! more now than ever, he thought; and marvelled that she, who knew England as he knew it, had not noticed what was happening to them.

Perhaps she had noticed. Women do not always cry out when they are hurt, especially if they are well-bred ones; and perhaps she had been waiting for years for the message his arm conveyed to her as it went round her waist in the porch, while he called her by a name which sounded foolish in the North-West.

If she sorrowed, her sorrow was for him. She had long ago given up caring for herself. She gave that up when she gave up dress, and her dainty home and her world. All her hope now was for the two gallant boys, who were such little men already, and it pleased her to point out to him how infinitely more manly and helpful they were than children of their years at home.

And then old Stonehenge saw the boys for the first time through his wife's eyes, and realised that they wanted looking after as much as the stock, and took to having them round him of an evening to teach them what English gentlemen ought to know.

It was a funny education, by a most inexperienced teacher, for, after a time, the ex-Hussar realised that he knew very little himself, except the story of the great war in which he had played a part.

Of that he gave them plenty, and the youngest was an apt pupil. He could never learn too much, and in time knew more of the Crimea than is written in Kinglake.

"Barton and Dick Wetherall were both killed that day with the colours," so went the oft-told story, "and my old schoolfellow Cuthbert—you are named after him, lad—was buried in the trenches with his men. I remember how lucky I thought myself that day, because I was not with them when the roll was called. Ah! if I had only known—"

But at this point she would lay her hand on his lips, and her brave eyes would rebuke his discontent, and so the evening would end, and one at least of the listeners would go off to bed, to dream of the gallant way in which his England kept her Empire, not knowing that he was doing his share in winning an Empire for her to keep. This one was Cuthbert, the younger, and he began early to hear the clank of his own sabre and the rattle of musketry, when he ought rather to have been listening to the patter of the milk in the pans.

But Jim cared for none of these things. He was no dreamer. It interested him more that no lad of his age could plough as straight a furrow as he could, nor any make a shrewder guess at the live weight of a beast.

While the grey had been growing in the father's and mother's hair a new townlet had been growing for Greater Britain round the ranch which they had taken up.

The long hills of velvety silver-grey, which used to roll unbroken to the lake's edge when they first stuck in their stakes, were now cut up into roads and lots; their ranch had grown into a compact and comfortable farm, with range land at the back of it, beyond the hills, but in sight of it there were stores, and even churches, and they themselves, instead of being strangers in a strange land, had developed into those "old stand-byes" of the countryside—"old country fossils," their neighbours called them, "with no snap in them to amount to anything, except that clap Jim, and he was pretty smart at a deal—for an Englishman."

Though Stonehenge himself had not a particle of that entirely admirable American quality of smartness, he took pride in that virtue in Jim, and encouraged it to the utmost, so that before the lad was full grown he had the entire management of the ranch in his own hands.



The father planned the year's farming campaign, and took most of the credit for its success, but it was Jim who carried it out, it was Jim who was up before dawn, Jim who could tell you where the stock came from, and what had been paid for it; and Jim, if the truth were told, who was consulted on the sly by the mother as to the amount of money likely to be available for housekeeping.

And Jim made a success of these things, but to do this he had to give up much that he had better have kept. He read little. He thought only of dollars and stock. His associates were of necessity those who were interested in like matters with himself, cow-punchers, cattle-dealers, half-breeds, and others—good enough fellows in their way, but such as stood awkwardly in the presence of "the little mother," and considered that the old man was "putting on frills" when he spoke of the time when "he was in the service."

At twenty Jim took up more land. He had earned some money working for the neighbours, and some his father gave him, and as he was man enough to do it, he not only managed his own place, but saw that his father made some use of the home ranch, though his father and Cuthbert between them would have made but a poor showing if the elder brother had not spared more time than he could afford "to boss them round," as he phrased it.

The only time he took for himself away from the ranch he spent in the hills with his rifle, and no hawk had a

It was "kind of tough," the neighbours said, for old man Stonehenge to have such a weight round his neck as his younger son, even if Jim did "level things up a bit," and just then the crash came.

Jeffries and his friend Brown met in the market square, outside the metropolitan court-house, held the conversation detailed above, and thereafter attended the court at which witnesses, so many believed, perjured themselves maliciously, circumstantial evidence which may have been misleading proved to be unanswerable, and little things in a half-taught lad's life lent colour to charges at which his neighbours would have laughed a week before, and the stay of the old-country fossil's life took his six feet of manhood to the chain-gang; while Captain Stonehenge, late of her Majesty's Hussars, broke down, lost his self-respect, got hopelessly drunk, and was taken home by Jeffries and Brown to the girl whose fortune he was to have made in the Colonies more than twenty years ago.

And Cuthbert Stonehenge, moping over his books, which meant so little to him, flushed purple to the roots of his hair, and wondered why God, who had made him for one thing and set him to do another, at which, work as he would, he could not earn his living, had taken away the worker who could work, and would work, and was content with his work, just to satisfy the malice of a pack of mean whites, who, everyone knew, were fit only for the chain-gang, to which they had sent his brother.

who at thirty had developed a good deal too much before and behind, and knew all the law allows about other bars, besides the one to which he had been called.

His appearance as a "man" on a football-field would have been ridiculous, but he was credited with being far-seeing because he wore glasses, and energetic in business because he could never find time to walk when the cars were running.

Cuthbert rather looked up to the gentleman with the corporation, and thought him a monstrously generous fellow because he was so ready to praise Cuthbert's football to his clients; and when he ridiculed the doctor's advice that Cuthbert should give an over-strained leg a bit of a rest, Cuthbert was only too ready to agree with him.

"Why, my dear boy!" he said, "you would be giving up the very thing which is making your reputation. Everyone knows our half-back, and if you do get a black eye every now and then, the Judges never notice it. As for your legs not lasting, look at mine!" And he exhibited a pair of spindleshanks, which, never having been worked, ran no risk of giving out.

In spite of this disinterested advice, however, and Cuthbert's heed of it, that half-back's absences from the football-field became more and more frequent.

Partly because the leg was worrying him, and partly because he was sick at heart from the inevitable mention



*His stalking and his shooting were bywords in the province.*

keener eye, no redskin a more deadly faculty for creeping on game unobserved than Jim Stonehenge.

His stalking and his shooting were bywords in the province. There was only one thing against the lad. He had, at little more than twenty, gone far in reclaiming a slice of land which would have been a goodly heritage at home; he worked like a hind, and lived harder than hinds had ever lived on his forefathers' acres; but he had grown up more like the hind than the squire, and he was too shrewd and too successful to be popular. He had got the best of half the men he knew, and none of them liked him for it.

But Cuthbert was of other stuff, and Cuthbert was a failure. Not in everything. In the whole country-side there was only one man who could whip Jim Stonehenge, and that was Cuthbert. There was only one man could break a horse that Jim dared not mount. That was Cuthbert.

Good-looking and powerful as a bull, there was still one man better-looking, and at least handier with his strength, than Jim Stonehenge, and that was his younger brother.

Cuthbert gloried in his strength; trained, and perhaps strained it. Jim used his, and never thought of it. And so the two grew up: a mooney fool, always hankering after soldiering, and reading books, or boxing, if he wasn't dreaming, was Cuthbert, so the people said; but a chap who got right down to business, and knew his way about was Jim, until Jim was a proclaimed success, and Cuthbert had been voted useless on a ranch, and packed off to town to learn law, at which he succeeded so well that he was called to the Bar, and would have starved but for subsidies from the ranch.

There are remittance-men even among our colonists.

For Cuthbert was too loyal to dream that Jim could be guilty. He did not see with him eye to eye; he did not like all that Jim liked; but Jim was a Stonehenge, and, according to Cuthbert's creed, a Stonehenge might perhaps kill, but he could not steal.

## II.

There are good, level-headed people in the world who will tell you that there is no such thing as luck; that A and B both get just what they deserve, and that it is entirely B's fault that he is not as successful as A; although it would puzzle even them to explain what B had to do with that red hair and squint with which he was born, and which have so handicapped him in his competition with good-looking A.

This, of course, is a crude example, but there are others, and Cuthbert Stonehenge was one of them.

The love of law, or of agriculture, had not taken hold of him; the love of soldiering, or those sports most akin to war, had; so that when he was wrestling with Pollock on Torts from a sense of duty, he was taking huge exercising runs in the outskirts of the town to keep himself in train for the next football-match.

He did not drink. He was a steady, quiet fellow in reality, though he insisted upon having a "go" at every prize-fighter who visited his town, and his football was superb.

As a clean liver, and their best athlete, the townspeople ought to have loved him, and at the matches they did, shouting themselves hoarse for their favourite; but they gave their business to a fellow with a podgy, white face,

of his brother's disgrace, Cuthbert went up-country to his people earlier than usual, though the change was only from sad to sadder.

The papers were full of war news, or war threats, rather, and he wished that his luck had made him an Outlander in South Africa, with a few of his North-West friends beside him.

It may be that, like the Outlanders, they would be without arms; but arms or no arms, he did not believe that the men he knew would be content to sit down and call upon the Mother Country to deliver them from the tyranny of an armed minority.

Hang it! they would take the arms. No four Canadians, even unarmed, would take a back seat to a Dutch farmer with a rifle. It would cost a lot of blood to resist under such circumstances, but what matter! Life was not the only thing worth having.

And then one day, while he was at the ranch, war was declared, and night after night the old Hussar revelled in the first successes of the English leaders, and laughed at the idea of a pack of ignorant farmers matching themselves against trained troops; troops which would wipe them off the face of the earth the first time they met them in the open field.

But the Boers did not meet our troops in the open field; they persistently refused to stand up and fire volleys from the shoulder at two hundred yards; they seemed to find that they could shoot better lying down behind boulders at five hundred or a thousand yards, and that it was safer to do so; and whenever, after picking off the flower of England's army, they saw that ugly wave of steel coming their way, they scuttled ignominiously to



their horses, and went, and, as the English had no horses, went safely.

The old man was furious with the Boers, and none too well pleased with Cuthbert, who tried but could not understand why hundreds of lives were sacrificed to take "impregnable positions" which became "untenable" as soon as they had been taken; could not understand why we did not use cavalry, and, most of all, could not understand why we used no scouts.

Why, even in his limited experience, he had always considered that he owed more game to his skill at spying than to his skill as a shot. Many a time he had sat for hours scanning the hill-sides with his glasses before he had even thought of planning his stalk. An old hind overlooked would have spoiled any day's work—and why was war not like sport?

But his father said that it was not, and that colonists who had never been taught even to march past could not be expected to understand these things. So Cuthbert concluded that there was a mystery in war as there was in law, and that an ordinary fool of a fellow like himself could never hope to penetrate it. And yet that old book on Minor Tactics looked simpler than Pollock on Torts. There were plenty of things you were told to do in that which any cow-puncher would have done naturally, without being told.

And then his chance of proving these things for himself came—the chance of letting loose all that pent-up enthusiasm which made his eyes dim when men talked of Mother England, and made "God Save the Queen" the sweetest music that man ever listened to.

Canada was to send a contingent, and men were volunteering for it at every provincial town from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in spite of a miserable liverish little Frenchman, with none too savoury a reputation, who was doing all he could to show cause why a colony made by the English should not fight in England's quarrel.

The old Hussar, oddly enough, was at one with the politician, but for another reason.

"What do they want with colonists?" he snorted, "raw, untrained lads, clerks and cattle-punchers, when every man in England is ready to go—from the Queen's own son, a first-rate soldier as well as a Prince, to the last-joined Volunteer? It's not a favour men confer by offering their services, but a privilege which our best are competing for, that they ask, confound them! and then they shout about it as if they were doing some great thing."

"But, father, isn't it a grand thing to show the world the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race?"

"Anglo-Saxon race be hanged! I never heard of it until lately. England I've heard of, and the English. Let her keep herself to herself, and win her own battles. If she can't, it's time for her to go under. I don't want to see anyone helping England—"

"But aren't we English?"

"You are; you are a Stonehenge, and that's different."

"Aren't the Browns English, and the Smiths, and wasn't Pice's father an Englishman; and if the son remains English, why not the grandson, and so on?"

"They don't. They are colonists. Very creditable people; and it is a great thing for us to have made such colonists, but they aren't English."

"The men who have struck out for themselves and made a new country are not as English as Kipling's street-bred people? Well, father, I hoped that they were for the sake of the English; but you ought to know." And with that he dropped the argument. He had a point which he hoped to gain, and for the sake of that he did not mind abandoning his position.

"Didn't you tell me once, father, that old Sir Richard Stonehenge sacrificed all our family estates to raise money for the King?"

"Yes, more is the pity; though, of course, a man in his position could not have done less."

"And grandfather lost his life in India?"

"He did. Shot at Chillianwallah."

"The old Stonehenges gave freely. What are we going to give, father?"

"Give? What do you mean, boy? I've given all I can afford to that widows and orphans' fund, though there is more money subscribed for it in England than they know what to do with. Have you anything that you want to give?"

"Yes."

"Glad to hear it. It is a new condition for you to be in, isn't it?"

"I know that," said the lad, reddening painfully; "you need not remind me that I earn nothing and am a

"Go to bed, lad; I'll talk to your mother." And, then, when his son had gone, the old man muttered, "It's my own sowing, and I must reap as I sowed. Ay! And by Heaven!" he cried, starting to his feet and his face flushing, "I sowed well. I sowed better than I knew. What a soldier he will make!"

### III.

Courage with a big "C" and the band playing, with your blood up, and a lot of your pals to cheer you on, is man's virtue. Courage with a little, unnoticeable "c" and the house to look after, with others to be cheered, and a hateful smile to be worn all day, is woman's version of the same quality, and Mrs. Stonehenge had her share of it.

When she came down to breakfast, or rather when she

took her seat at the meal which she had herself prepared, she was a little hollow about the eyes, a little drawn about her tender, tremulous lips, but she had a bright smile for her boy, and did not seem to see how her husband was watching her.

So calm was she that Cuthbert, by the cruel irony of fate, went away rather hurt that his mother took his going so placidly.

If it had been Jim, he thought, it would have been different.

Jim had been the stay of the house, and he himself had been such an utter fool and failure. Ah, well! when he came back they would be proud of him, or if he didn't come back they should not be ashamed of his memory.

Poor old Jim! He would go and see him when he got back to town. And he did, and found Jim growing hard and sullen.

"Why shouldn't the Boers lick the English?" he growled. "Poor devils, they only want to get away from our cursed civilisation, and work quietly by themselves. It's all rot, anyway. If you steal, you break the Commandments, and live happy ever afterwards. If you work and don't steal someone comes to kick you out of your farm, or put you in jug. To the devil with your civilisation!"

But the sergeant who had charge of Jim, being a person in authority under the law, took another view of the matter, and being the son of a Gordon Highlander, was vexed only that such stuff as he had charge of should be wasted.

He himself had lost an eye, and could not go to the front, but he hated to see his able-bodied charges carrying picks instead of Lee-Metfords.

"Man slaughter there," he said, pointing to a savage, low-browed half-breed. "would be a terror with a bayonet, and there isn't one of my squad as wouldn't be good for a couple of Boers before breakfast; and here they be diggin' trenches for a hamateur pill-and-plaster comm-drum in a cocked snuff."

"You shouldn't talk

like that of the Governor," remonstrated Cuthbert.

"Why not? He ain't my boss, and he ain't a proper Governor sent out from the old country any more'n he was a proper doctor afore he took to politics. He's just a politician, a thing as bums along High Street all day, promising things as don't belong to him to fellows as oughtn't to have 'em, and standing drinks for votes, Governor indeed!"

"Well, Mac, never mind the Governor. I'm going to the front."

"You are! Good for you, Mr. Cuthbert. That's where the likes of you ought to be. I thought you'd go. I wish poor Jim could go too."

"Yes. He'd be more use than me, I expect."

"Not more, Sir, but they wouldn't catch Jim walking into their traps with his eyes shut. He could scout for the old country, and he can't make water run up hill, and that's what he has to do if those blamed trenches are to be any good."

"I wish he could escape," Cuthbert ventured.

(To be concluded in our next.)



"I wish he could escape," Cuthbert ventured.

burden to you all, but I want you to make Cain's offering of me. I'm not good enough to give, but they might take me."

The old man started, and faced round, dropping his pipe noisily on the hearthstone.

"What?" he said.

"Let me go with this contingent. I'm no good on the farm. I can't make head or tail of the law, but our people were all good soldiers, and, as a fighter, Sir, I don't believe you would be ashamed of your son." And he rose, and stood resolutely before his father, the very type of the man that the drill-sergeant loves, his grey eyes lit with that strange lightning which has come down to us, perhaps, from our pagan ancestors.

For a full minute the old man stared at him, measuring this Isaac who offered himself for sacrifice, and realising, perhaps, for the first time what a man he had begotten.

"And lose you both?" he said at last.

"Did our people count the cost, father? There may be no loss."





THE HELIOGRAPH NEAR THE RUINS OF FENG-TAI JUNCTION RAILWAY STATION, THE FARTHEST OUTPOST OF THE BRITISH AT PEKING.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

*The station is twelve miles distant from the British Legation at Peking, and is the second out from Peking. The outpost is in heliographic communication with the British headquarters in the Imperial City.*



WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.



THE FIRST TO SCALE THE RAMPART OF THE TAKU FORTS: ASSAULT DELIVERED BY GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN SAILORS AT 6 A.M. ON SEPTEMBER 25.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE, REPRODUCED IN TRANSMISSION) BY MR. JOHN SCHÖNBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

*The approach to the forts was defended by hidden mines. Before the entrance of the stronghold was a brick wall, which was scaled by the Allies, as the gate could not be forced.*





A RECONNAISSANCE TO PAH-TAO-CHU UNDER CAPTAIN SOADY, 24TH PUNJAB INFANTRY.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MR. JOHN SCHÜSBERG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA.

*The force moved out at six o'clock in the morning, and at ten was among the mountains. The "Boxers" steadily retreated. A joss-house was burned, and the troops returned to camp by sunset.*





THE TAKU FORTS: THE PEITSANG FORTIFICATION, FROM THE RIGHT BANK OF THE PEI-HO, SHOWING CHINESE BURIAL-MOUNDS.

*Sketch (Facsimile, delayed in transmission) by Mr. John Schünberg, our Special Artist in China.*

### THE TAKU FORTS.

Many illusions have been scattered during the last few months in China. The Chinese themselves have had something to learn. The popular idea that the European Powers would never unite in defence of their Legations has been rudely abolished by the occupation of the Allied forces. The equally optimistic view, held in high quarters, that the sleeping partners in the "Boxer" revolt would suffer no rude awakening if they held high rank and

a shallowness which has proved, before now, very favourable to its defenders, and very difficult for those who made the attack, with perhaps a sunk vessel in their path mid-stream.

The Pei-ho River, a name which, being translated, is the White River, is a tributary of the Hankiang, into which it flows opposite Siangyang-fu, after a southerly course of about one hundred and twenty miles. Not without certain homelike resemblances to the Thames, it flows through much flatter land, the tallest objects for miles being the reeds and grasses that grow along its banks. The

of their own fanaticism. The Taku Forts, which are to be seen in two of our Illustrations, may be considered places of the past. The demolition or the dismantling of them is one of the conditions of peace between the Chinese Government and the Allied Powers.

### THE MONTGOMERYSHIRE YEOMANRY.

Among the Yeomanry contingents recently returned from the seat of war an honourable position is held by the



THE TAKU FORTS: THE PEITSANG FORTIFICATION, FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE PEI-HO.

*Sketch (Facsimile, delayed in transmission) by Mr. John Schünberg, our Special Artist in China.*

office, has also been shown to be a fallacy. On the other side, something has been learned. There was the old story of the paper forts of China—forts designed with all the decorative realism which that nation commands, but set up in materials which were not materials in war. The Taku Forts, at any rate, were built of sterner stuff, as the English and French were made aware fully forty years ago. They guard the mouth of the Pei-ho River, nearly thirty miles in a south-easterly direction from Tientsin. The river is only some ten or twelve feet deep at this point—

cover which this growth gives to men in ambush is only too effective, as some of our troops found to their cost. More than once on their march, fire was opened upon them from the opposite side of the river by a foe as invisible, and therefore as disorganising, as the Boer had the repute of being in the earlier stages of the war in South Africa. But the White River has borne the White Man's Burden during these last months in a way which entitles it to rank almost as one of the allied forces of Nature. It has borne other burdens—the dead bodies of Chinamen who were victims

Montgomeryshire detachment. The men have brought back with them their machine-gun, which stood them in good stead in several tight corners. The Montgomeryshire men, it will be remembered, were associated with the Warwickshire company, and fought under General Paget's command. On Aug. 17 they were engaged at Waterval, and three days later took part in the Pietersburg railway affair between Haman's Kraal and Piensaar's River Station. In other engagements, too, the Montgomeryshire men gallantly upheld the honour of the Principality.



THE MONTGOMERYSHIRE YEOMANRY, WITH "POM-POM," RETURNED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE.

*Photo Elliott and Fry.*



WITH THE 1ST SCOTS GUARDS IN SOUTH AFRICA



THE 1ST SCOTS GUARDS' MARCH TO KOMATI POORT.



THE RETURN OF THE 1ST SCOTS GUARDS FROM KOMATI POORT: EMERGENCY MOTIVE POWER.

*On the return journey the engine-bulver burst, and the men had literally to get out and push behind.*





*Photo, Horace W. Nicholls, Johannesburg*

THE SECOND PLOT TO MURDER LORD ROBERTS. ST. MARY'S CHURCH, JOHANNESBURG, WHICH WAS TO HAVE BEEN BLOWN UP.  
*British troops entering the church for the morning service.*



*Mr. Allan Aynesworth. Miss Sybil Carlisle.*

*Mr. Cyril Maude.*

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE: SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT.



## LADIES' PAGES.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

One of the sights of London at all seasons, and especially at this time of year, is supplied by the palatial premises of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. They are by far the finest in London, and the company courteously invite visitors to walk round and inspect the magnificent display of works of the goldsmith's and silversmith's art without feeling any obligation to purchase—in fact, the assistants are instructed in no way to press visitors to buy, while they are quite willing to allow anything to be inspected. At the same time, the company, being the actual manufacturers of both gem and silver work, supply the public direct at manufacturer's cash prices, so saving purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent. If, however, you cannot have the advantage of walking round the beautiful



FINE DIAMANT BROOCH.  
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

rooms in person, you can form some idea of the beauty and variety of the stock by writing for the new illustrated catalogue, which is itself a work of art, with its Wedgwood cover. Not, however, that the best illustrations can give an adequate idea of the beauty of the stones, the flashing brilliants, the gleaming pearls, the deep-toned rubies, the purity of the sapphires, and the sheen of the turquoises. Especially desirable is a personal visit this year, for there is to be seen a case containing the exhibit of the company which won the Grand Prix at the great Paris Exhibition. This is a really beautiful display, and excited great admiration, even from the French jewellers, who are themselves such perfect artists. Lucky, indeed, would be the woman who could select her present from this Exhibition-case, where the perfection of the stones is as remarkable as the artistic quality of the design. Here are five beautiful diamond



CAT AND DOG WISH-BONE LACE-PIN.  
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

brooches in the form of wild roses of graduated size. Here is a specimen opal, with all the fires of the sun gleaming in its heart, softened by a veil of milk, and surrounded by the steel-like fire of brilliants; and a necklace to match, with a number of great opals, each of extreme beauty, set round and joined together with diamonds. Here is a trefail brooch which has been immensely admired, the centre of one leaf a pink pearl, of another a black pearl, and of the third a white pearl of great size and beauty, with diamonds for the stem, and also set around each pearl. Here is an exquisite scroll necklace in brilliants of the character of that illustrated, though of a larger size, so finely set that no foundation is to be seen, just the glittering stones, as though holding themselves together by cohesion in this elaborate form. And here are a great Louis bow in diamonds; a waistbelt of wonderful goldsmith's work, with diamond slides and a grand diamond clasp for fastening; and many other most beautiful and of course costly articles. But let us turn from this magnificent display, and cast a glance over the large stock of moderately priced and still very charming special Christmas gifts. Here are a number of little brooches at prices ranging from 25s. to a few pounds, all in good taste and good value. One is the mistletoe in gold and diamonds with pearl berries illustrated. A set of designs of tiny animals on lace pins are very pretty: a diamond pussy playing with a pearl ball is one of them. Another is a rabbit in diamonds, contemplating affectionately a pearl turnip with a diamond top. A charming terrier, with his nose in the air, is done in diamonds on a bar with a pearl at each end.



MISTLETOE BROOCH, DIAMONDS AND PEARLS.  
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co.

In the same style are a barking dog; a squirrel on a ring; an owl with a bright emerald eye; a cat and dog—this we illustrate—on each end of a bar of gold, with between them a wishing-bone in gold set with a pearl; a cat, alarmed, before a monkey who holds a pearl ball, and various others. There is a large stock of lace brooches in the round design showing the lace in the centre, which is very fashionable at present. One of the prettiest of these circles is a succession of diamond links with a pearl between each of them. A double-heart brooch, one in emeralds and one in diamonds, with a diamond bow above and a small heart in brilliants hanging from it, would be a charming present from a husband to his wife in honour of a first-born. Enamel figures largely in the newest ornaments; some very pretty little bracelets are in ovals of red, green, and white enamel, each picked out with diamonds in the centre; and the new muff-chains are similarly adorned. Very pretty trifles are sets of glove-buttons, some in enamel, some in gold with gems in the centre. They screw on the gloves without any trouble, as a man's shirt-stud screws. In the *nouveau* art there are many pretty things, especially in links; in these and in studs ladies can find capital presents for men. There are some very pretty ones

in mother-of-pearl with ruby centres, and another new idea is gold studs with the appearance of gold stitches across the centre. Though my notes of the charming things here are far from exhaustive, this must suffice to indicate slightly what can be seen either at 112, Regent Street, or by sending there for a catalogue.

Foremost in Christmas presents stand perfumes, and the most delightful of perfumes are those of Mülhens, whose West-End depot is at 62, New Bond Street, but whose goods are to be obtained from the best chemists and stores everywhere—only be sure you ask for Mülhens, and take no other, whether it be a question of his unique Rhine Violets, that incomparable perfume, or the famous "4711" Eau-de-Cologne. This latter is the perfection of its kind, so that there are many imitations of its get-up, but by noting the number (4711) you can be sure of not being deceived. A capital Christmas present is an original case of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne, containing six bottles, for 11s. 9d.; the postage is ninepence, so that by sending 12s. 6d. you can get this delightful present forwarded to any address direct from 62, New Bond Street. Mülhens' soaps, too, of which his catalogue gives names and prices, make excellent presents.

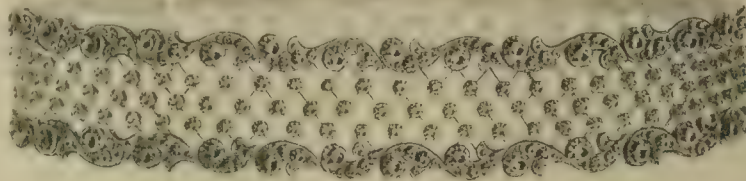
Messrs. Mappin Brothers, at 220, Regent Street, and 66, Cheapside, have a large stock of very lovely silver things of every description, and have lately added to their business



ART SILVER BRUSH.  
Part of a fine Toilet Service at Messrs. Mappin Brothers'.

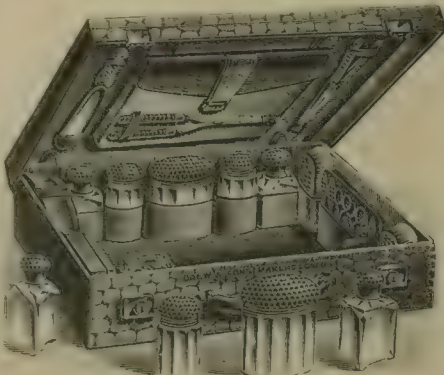
a well-stocked jewellery department. If you go into their Regent Street establishment you will see a small table worth £6000. It is set with squares of light and dark onyx, surrounded by carved gold snakes, which are adorned with large brilliants and rubies. This firm has lately abolished all discounts, and offers the public silver at manufacturers' prices. The brush illustrated is part of a most beautiful toilet-service. Waist-buckles, sets of silver buttons, vases, candlesticks, photo-screens, sweetmeat-dishes, and many other pretty little gifts can be seen in their catalogue, or at above addresses.

In readiness for the Christmas festivities, visitors cannot do better than see the extensive cellars at 155, Regent Street, of Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the well-known and old-established wine-merchants to her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In these cellars are bins of all varieties of fine old vintage wines, which they have specially selected, and which are now in splendid condition.



SUPERB DIAMOND COLLAR.—Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

Messrs. Drew's magnificent premises at Piccadilly Circus are replete with delightful articles for gifts, both costly and moderate in price. A novelty is a chatelaine-bag having a patent safety catch to attach it with perfect security to the waistband of the dress. Purses of every description, handkerchief and glove cases, and everything that can be made in leather or silver for personal use, and especially all imaginable requisites for travelling, from trunks to straps, are to be had at Messrs. Drew's in perfection. Their stock is specially strong in gifts which ladies can make to men; a capital one is a bank-note case, so combined with a letter-case as completely to conceal the existence of the notes; good, too, are antelope tobacco-pouches, and cases of pipes.



SUPERB DRESSING-CASE.—Messrs. Drew and Son.

Of course, Messrs. Drew's speciality, for which they have a world-wide fame, is their dressing-cases. These are of entirely English manufacture, case and fittings alike; and both because this is unquestionably a guarantee of excellence, and on patriotic grounds, British people should not fail to patronise their native workmen. A beautiful new case for a lady is in royal-blue morocco lined peacock morocco; all the fittings are of hammered silver, no glass. Another of Messrs. Drew's celebrated specialities is their five-o'clock travelling tea-basket. The newest of these cleverly combines, without increase of space, luncheon-basket fittings with the tea arrangements.

Messrs. S. Smith and Son, of 9, Strand, close to Charing Cross Station, the appointed watchmakers to the Admiralty and the Royal Observatories, are specialists in time-keepers. From an ordinary silver "ticker" for a boy up to the most elaborate of chronometers, there is nothing in this way that they do not supply. They are just finishing a lady's watch which will do what has hitherto been only accomplished in their much larger men's watches: it can, at the will of the user, repeat not only the hour but the exact number of minutes that have passed since the last hour. There are all sizes and prices of



ZODIAC CHARM.  
Messrs. S. Smith and Son

everyday watches, some very decorative, for wear on the corsage, some enamelled, some engraved, all reliable as time-keepers. In the jewellery department, a feature is made of initial ornaments—that is to say, there have actually been found precious or semi-precious stones whose names begin with every letter of the alphabet, so that any word or message can be worked out on bracelet or muff-chain. Charms are numerous and very inexpensive—an enamel fish, a gun on its carriage, a dice-box that opens and lets out infinitesimal dice, an envelope in gold with sheet of paper, and numerous amusing trifles for the neck-chain. Our illustration shows one of the zodiac charms, enamelled with the zodiac sign for each of the months, and set with the special stone; this is December—the Twins—and turquoise. Our other illustration is of a charming heart-shaped watch.



LADY'S CORSAGE WATCH.  
Messrs. S. Smith and Son.

A business founded in 1772, under the patronage of good Queen Charlotte, and continuing to be fashionably patronised without intermission up to the present day, is that of Messrs. Spink, of 17 and 18, Piccadilly, and 1, Gracechurch Street, Cornhill. They are prepared with a choice selection of presents for the season, of which the dainty little lace brooch in brilliants and the gold heart charm illustrated are but small specimens. They have many very choice gems, selected and set in handsome designs, as well as smaller trifles for little gifts. Turquoise and diamond is a beautiful combination that appears in many of Messrs. Spink's designs, one of the most delightful being a bracelet that has a central double row of fine white brilliants with a row of celestial-blue turquoises on each side. One of the most costly stones of the day, the emerald, is well represented in Messrs. Spink's list.



DIAMOND LACE-PIN.—Messrs. Spink.



GOLD HEART CHARM.  
Messrs. Spink.

Messrs. Hampton, in their handsome show-rooms at Pall Mall East (Trafalgar Square), offer a large variety of articles suitable for presents. One of their pieces of furniture would meet the views of the recipient admirably; for every sort of furnishing item is ready for choice. Perhaps one of these downy arm-chairs, in leather, for the dining-room or study or in a dainty silk brocade for my lady's chamber, or a bookcase, or a music-cabinet. Messrs. Hampton buy a great many genuine antique pieces, and restore without injuring them; and they also produce new furniture on the exquisite antique models, with the advantage of being really fresh materials. A delightful example is the Louis XVI. commode in tulip wood, stained. Me srs. Hampton. We illustrate; the grace of its outline is obvious, but the real article in satin-wood, tulip-wood, mahogany, ivory, and ornolu must be seen to be appreciated. Smaller gifts may be found in many departments. In the china, there



LOUIS XVI. COMMODOE, IN TULIP WOOD, STAINED.  
Messrs. Hampton.



ere vases, fruit-dishes, plaques for the wall, or tête-à-tête tea and coffee services. In the ancient embroideries, beautiful in themselves and adapted to present uses as boxes, cushions, sachets, photo.-frames, and so on, are many unique gifts at small prices. The embroidered and painted satin table-centres are lovely. There are soft and decorative sofa-cushions in all kinds of coverings, ancient and modern; some are made to match with the beautifully covered eider-down quilts, that would be an acceptable gift in many cases. There are hundreds of screens to choose from; there is a large table and standard lamp department, that many present buyers seek. In short, there is something at Messrs. Hampton's for almost everybody's tastes, and all is perfect in artistic character and of good quality.

As a Christmas gift for lady or gentleman, the famous "Swan" fountain-pen is unapproached. There is nothing so likely to recall to the recipient the memory of the donor. To him it will be a faithful friend for years, and a lasting source of satisfaction. A post-card to Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Iard, 93, Cheapside, London, E.C., will bring you a copy of their new Christmas catalogue.

#### NOTES AND DRESS.

With a reasonable prospect of a good winter season in both town and country, and a sort of reaction from the long-drawn grief and anxiety of the past twelve months, our thoughts must needs turn to evening dresses. The county and hunt balls that were so often abandoned last year will be held as usual this winter, in the country, and we may hope that trade in all those charming luxuries of costume that belong to evening gowns will be sufficient to compensate the manufacturers for past depression. Certainly, they have not allowed their energies to be daunted by the dullness of the last season, for never were there more lovely gowns and accessories offered to us than at this present moment. The ball-dresses of the winter are to be largely trimmed with sequins; the rage for these has in nowise abated, but gold is added to the list of available materials in the embroidery. An exquisite ball-dress had a foundation of lustrous pink satin (of course, over a pink silk lining), and was covered with a net embroidered in trails of roses worked in mother-of-pearl sequins, each centred by fine ribbon-work, which was done in pink, and which, of course, stood up like the raised heart of the rose. Amid this embroidery, all shimmer and pink, lavishly laid as it was over the net, were inserted here and there appliqué motifs of lace worked round with gold cord. The bodice was embroidered to match, but, with true French daring, there was added to the dainty colouring a narrow berthe and twisted shoulder-straps, and also a rosette at the left shoulder, in a deep magenta velvet; a trail of pink roses fell down the back from the left shoulder to the waist. Another of the most lovely of ball-gowns was in white satin covered with a fine gold net, worked a little in a somewhat stiff geometrical design with gold cord of considerable thickness; a large flower in pastel-blue velvet was introduced into the design at intervals, the heart of it just brought up with pearl embroidery. While such gowns are as individual as a fine picture, and I could no more tell an inquiring mind how to obtain an exact duplicate than I could indicate how to obtain a replica of Burne-Jones's "Golden Stairs," they serve as an indication of the sort of elaborate workmanship that is to adorn the most costly evening gowns of the hour.

Many very handsome sequin-embroidered dresses are to be found of less elaboration and cost. As a rule, the embroideries are really executed on a foundation of net, but it may be so fine as to be hardly perceptible when worn, the satin appearing to be embroidered upon direct. A favourite method of making up these beautiful works of the needle is to have a satin dress covered with just one layer of tulle, plain net, or chiffon of the same colour as the satin, and on that to place the net heavy with its embroideries; a little needful support is thus given to the fragile embroidered fabric, and yet the satin is sufficiently in evidence also. A charming new notion is to have a lining of a network of gold, or some of the gold tissues that are to be had abundantly, laid over a satin foundation, and then covered with a drape of tulle or Luxeuil lace. The gold shimmers through the delicate white covering with a charming effect. This notion is particularly effective when a dress is made in the Empire design. A slender young married woman can be recommended to have her new evening gown built in this very becoming fashion. The Empire gowns of to-day are, of course, belted under the bust by a broad band of some very handsome trimming, but the waist-line is more fully indicated than it was, judging from pictures, in the First Napoleon's days. In fact, a firmly

fitting Princess dress of satin up to the bust covered with a lace robe that is only slightly shaped in to the figure, then a belt under the bust, and a short bodice above, with little puffed sleeves, gives the best effect; and it is a very graceful style for a suitable figure. The skirt portion of such a gown can be trimmed with trailing embroideries, which should be repeated on the small bodice that is just seen to exist above the deep belt that is laid beneath the bust. Painted satin is used as Empire evening gown ornamentation too; and trails of artificial flowers are in keeping.

Velvet is much worn for stately figures; it is hardly a dancing material, of course, but for a dinner gown it is a lady not too anxious to dance at the subsequent ball, but perhaps willing to take a little share in the diversion, it is ideal. Moiré velvet in watercress-green, the lines of the "watering" traced with gold sequins, the berthe and elbow-sleeves of lace, and a cluster of crimson roses on the left shoulder, was a good model. A heliotrope velvet made Louis XV. style—with a narrow apron-front between flat side-panels to the skirt—had a rich embroidery for the front, in which gold, shades of violet in ribbon and sequins, and pale pink commingled; lace partly draped the side-panels of the skirt, and the long train of the velvet was untrimmed; the bodice had a vest of embroidery, and a lace berthe was supported on a fold of deeper purple velvet round the bust; in this case, as

middle of the figure, and a wired outstanding collar of lace rising from it at the back—an improving adjunct to the appearance—we call it an "Elizabethan," but the French prefer to say a "Louis XIII." collar.

Another way in which the existence of these unusually beautifully designed brocades is telling on evening-dress-fashion is in the increased importance of the sash, for which the most lovely patterns in brocades are used; a sash is worn with tulle and muslin gowns, giving colour and importance at once. Sometimes the ends are worn down the left side of the front, but most often by young women at the back. A white tulle flecked all over with gold sequins, made very full over white glacé silk, with a froth of flouncings round the feet, had a sash of yellow brocade, caught close against the hip at the left side by a pearl ornament; the tulle bodice was covered with a network of pearls, and had a twist for the berthe, and also shoulder-straps of brocade. In some cases the flowers of a brocade are cut away here and there, and the space left filled in with a motif of lace; gold lace was so used in an orchid purple brocade, the ground of which was corded silk and the flowers velvet—the occasional alternation of the gold lace in the orchid-shaped spaces where the velvet had been cut away gave lightness. However, such refinements of finery are useless and wasteful, for the brocades are beautiful enough to be left alone by the couturière. Some charming evening

dresses are in lace, with a bolero of brocade and a sash to match. To sum up—the lightness of tulle, net, chiffon, and lace for young girls and dancing matrons; stately velvets and exquisite brocades for married ladies; a touch of gold invariably introduced if at all possible; a judicious use of flowers on the bodice, and perhaps on the skirt; the best lace that one owns introduced into the design of the gown in some way; Empire styles or just the plain skirts and pointed bodices that are more familiar for cut; and, above all, latitude, freedom to consider what specially suits the points of the individual lady who is to exhibit the costume under the electric light as part of her personality—these are the notes in evening-dress fashions for this winter.

Our Illustrations show "the latest thing" in coats—two versions of the new Cavalier coat. In both cases light cloth is used for the construction, but the one with a long basque is trimmed with sable as well as lace, while the other, with the bolero front, is finished with vest, belt, collar and cuffs of corded silk, trimmed with pointed lace; and in both cases handsome buttons finish the design. Both hats are of velvet, trimmed with plumes and buckle.

Hairdressing has not undergone any marked change for this winter season so far, though the professional coiffeurs are endeavouring to induce us to return to a chignon at the nape of the neck. So long as fashion has a commercial basis, so long will modes constantly vary. But the hair done on the top of the head is decidedly most becoming to the majority of faces, and is still worn almost exclusively. The frank, open physiognomy that the roll-back Pompadour front imparts to some countenances is very attractive too; but women with those high, bald foreheads

that cannot be becomingly displayed soften the effect by a few light curls on the brow, especially at the sides, without at all detracting from the fashionable effect. For the faces that need the forehead well covered, there is the little roll to come well down in the middle. For evenings much decoration is added to the coiffure—in the case of elderly ladies it becomes almost turban-like, so much tulle is twisted on the coils of hair, with a fancy feather added, held in place by a large diamond ornament. Flowers are worn by girls, with pretty combs placed to support the hair; and young married women add flowers, wisps of spangled tulle, diamond aigrettes and combs, and feathers to their coiffure. Jewellers show very charming combs with diamond tops; those with a curved top edged with diamonds are made long enough to go round the back of the head from ear to ear, supporting the hair. Side combs, or small pliable ones to surround the upstanding coil on the summit of the head, are fashionable; and also those which support an aigrette in precious stones, a sort of miniature tiara, backed by a spreading osprey.

In this season of "colds," with some of the dreaded influenza flying about, it is well to know of a preparation to support the strength, like "Hall's Coca Wine." This is a sound wine, not highly alcoholic, containing the essence of that wonderful shrub, coca (not to be confounded with the cocoa-berry, of course), which has a peculiar property of nerve-stimulation and muscular support. It is found invaluable in many cases of sleeplessness and nerve-exhaustion, and is a nerve tonic of a valuable kind. FILOMENA.



THE NEWEST STYLE IN COATS: TWO SPECIMENS OF THE "CAVALIER" COAT.

indeed with dinner-dresses in general, plain, close fitting elbow-sleeves were placed.

Again, such exquisite brocades from the Paris Exhibition as Messrs. Peter Robinson have purchased and are showing in large quantity are to be the height of fashion for dinner-gowns; the extremely lovely productions of the Lyons looms that were prepared to show what could be done by the competing manufacturers, now that they are on sale, afford an opportunity for the exercise of taste in making up into the most beautiful gowns. A fine example is a cream satin ground with red roses of exquisite shading laid in lines on it; this is made up with inserted panels of green velvet, on which some of the roses cut out of the brocade are embroidered with gold thread. A heart-shaped vest of green velvet similarly treated, edged with rose-point-lace, trims the brocade bodice. Another brocade is white satin as regards the ground, brocaded with green silk lines, and pink roses scattered on these—all in the design, of course; a twist of pink velvet at the bust is the only added trimming to an Empire-shaped gown of this lovely material. Another beautiful brocade had a green ground in satin with rows of conventionalised stiff pink and red roses on it, trained on a trellis in brown; this was slashed up on the skirt at four places to show flouncings of lace inserted over a pink satin foundation, a diamond button marking where the slashes closed about midway up the skirt. The trellis of roses on the bodice came very prettily, and was only relieved by a deep heart-shaped piece of lace drawn down from under a bunch of roses on the bust to about the





HOMeward BOUND.

*Drawn by R. Otton Woodville.*



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Baron's Sons.* By Maurus Jókai. (London: Macquenn, 6s.)  
*Exemplary Novels.* By Cervantes. Translated by James Mabbe. (London: Gibbings, Two vols., 5s. each.)  
*Marshfield, the Old Rectory.* By Egerton Castle. (London: Macmillan, 6s.)  
*Tommy and Grizel.* By I. M. Barrie. (London: Cassell, 6s.)  
*The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay.* Maurice Hewlett. (London: Mr. Sainsbury, 6s.)  
*Penelope's Experiences in England and Penelope's Experiences in Scotland.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (London: Gay and Bird, 6s. each.)  
*Lord Lintithgow.* By Morley Roberts. (London: Arnold, 6s.)

"The Baron's Sons" is the best novel of Jókai we have read. The verve of the book is splendid. Its theme is the Hungarian Revolution of 1849, and there is nothing in literature, not even De Quincey's "Flight of the Kalmuck Tartars," to equal Jókai's account of the terrible ride of the two hundred and twenty Hungarian Hussars who broke out of Vienna and fought their way right across the Carpathians to join their comrades in the cause of freedom. And, as Jókai proudly adds, "it is true." "A young Hussar, now a veteran of many wars, wrote it all down in his diary as it occurred, and is to-day ready to take oath that it is all true as here described." These are the novelist's words. As Jókai himself played a stirring part in the scenes of 1849, his accounts of battle and march and conspiracy read like the record of a personal experience. Conspiracy, as is natural, plays a great part in the scheme of the story. It is most deftly managed. Incidents which you noticed at the time merely because of their picturesqueness come back to your mind in the later chapters and are seen fitting into a plot sweeping forward to a splendid close. There is in the book, too, all the half-Oriental glamour which we have learned to associate with Jókai's fiction.

Lovers of Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra will be delighted with the dainty volumes in which James Mabbe's quaint translation of certain of the "Novelas Exemplares" has been published. To read the stories is to recall some of the life adventures of the whole-hearted, lovable Spaniard who "laughed Spain's chivalry away." The flavour of sixteenth-century Spain and the colour of the days when the fleets of the Barbary States roved from end to end of the Mediterranean come back to us as we read the adventures of "The Two Damosels" or "The Liberal Lover"; and pervading the pleasant pictures of past times is the personality of Don Miguel himself. What a personality it was! How it lightens the dark age of bigotry and superstition; how clearly it shows us the Spanish gentleman at his best—honest, kindly, full of chivalry and courtliness! Playwright, poet, novelist, the immortal Cervantes Saavedra was a vagrant and a wanderer all his days, doomed to poverty and the unjust suspicions of authority, a fighter in his country's cause, a prisoner in Algiers. Withal, nothing could cloud the brightness of his spirits; his satire was kindly to the end; his pen remained clean. Spain has altered but little since Cervantes wrote, and the inner life of cities removed from the influence of other countries is curiously like it was when the "Novelas Exemplares" were judged by the censor to be "a very honest pastime, displaying the dignity and richness of the Castilian



"THE LADY CORNELIA."

Reproduced from Cervantes' "Exemplary Novels," by permission of Messrs. Gibbings and Co.

tongue." In days when emotions were simple, and primitive passion ruled the world, there was little room for subtlety. Cervantes' heroines have few qualifications beyond good looks, though he presents them with the cardinal virtues as a wedding gift. His men are brave, witty, and devout lovers; he expects no more from a man than devotion and bravery; but in spite of these limitations, nearly everything Cervantes wrote is as fresh to-day as it was three hundred years ago.

The chief attribute of Mr. Egerton Castle's *Marshfield* is a ghoulish attractiveness. *Marshfield* is not a person one would care to meet in everyday life. In fiction, however, this student of human documents, himself an inhuman document enough, is tolerable because of the wonderful experiences which a usually commonplace world has vouchsafed him, and the

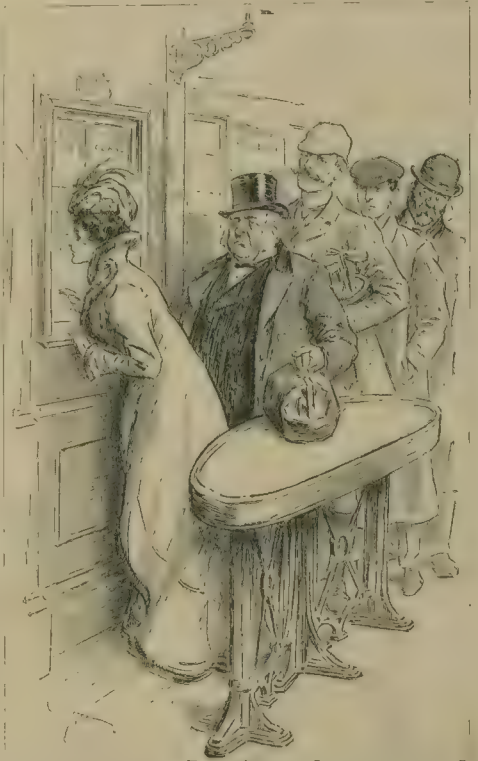
undeniable charm of his narrative method. Whichever strain there may be in the situation of "The Second Mrs. Tollmage," a very "undomestic" domestic episode, is amply compensated for in the case and verisimilitude of "The Guests of the Wolfmaster," the most picturesque story of the collection, which almost persuades us that the romance of the sixteenth century, down to its very accessories, is alive in the France of to-day, and that, too, among le sportings. But *Marshfield's* method finds his best realisation in the curious psychological study, "Endymion in Barracks," the memoir of an aesthete and scholar by inclination, who, fearing his transcendental worship of beauty, forced himself to the profession of soldiering, and became for a time the typical British officer to whom Greek is Greek indeed, and the higher culture foolishness. It is of a piece with *Marshfield's* *diablerie* that he sets Endymion's feet once more in the old paths of the beautiful, with a result which must be read in Mr. Castle's pages. To these studies of character the author appends, somewhat irrelevantly, a study of action, "The Death Dance," a true story of the Hungarian Home Rule war of 1849, which just misses being great. That, indeed, is the unfortunate defect of a volume possessing numberless fine qualities.

"Tommy and Grizel" is the long-expected sequel to "Sentimental Tommy." In these two books Mr. Barrie is analysing a type of character which is familiar to many, perhaps to all, imaginative writers. Daudet knew it well. Neil Monro had it in his mind when he wrote "Gillian the Dreamer." The most Shakespearian mind since Shakespeare referred to it in a paragraph of "Harry Richmond," but passed on his royal way, leaving it to smaller men. If Mr. Meredith had written on the subject, he would have given us, we may be sure, a book very different from this. He is probably the keenest analyst of character in England, but he does it, not by aggregating a heap of petty observations, but by the splendid play of his mind. Mr. Barrie does it bit by bit. In these two "Tommy" books—which in serious intention are worth all the rest of his work put together—he aims at criticism of life, if ever man did; his design is big, but his manner of filling in is minute, meticulous, and small—not unworthy; only not great. Now, one may be wrong, of course, but one fancies that there should be a splendid and tumultuous surge, a careless heave and swing, in the finest productions of the human mind. Hard labour went to them, no doubt, but they give you the impression of being "flung off." This book does not give you that impression: it is lacking in surge and swing. Mr. Barrie may answer that his scheme did not admit of that. But could he supply it if it did? Is the sentimental character well analysed? Is the next question. It is flayed alive. It is a hideous thing to identify an author with his characters, and make Shakespeare an iago, but the savage glee with which Mr. Barrie pursues the sentimentalist through all his phases betrays the fact that he is largely drawing from his own experience. For we are always most vehement in denouncing the faults of which we are secretly conscious in ourselves; we hate them because they cling to us, and we try to get above for a little by mouthing them down. Mr. Barrie seems to be doing that in this book. If we are right in our theory that he is drawing from a model which he buttons in his own waistcoat, that would account for his perfectly uncanny intuition into the tortuous vagaries of the sentimental mind. The telling of the story is another matter. Mr. Barrie is guilty of the North-country vulgarism, the inverted repetition of the noun and verb. "He was a kind of gentleman, was Tommy." A Scot writing like that makes other Scotsmen wince. Much more serious is the false whimsicality. A novelist is induced to that false whimsicality for two reasons. He may have to write a chapter which is necessary to the onward march of his story, but which is dreary enough in itself, so he cracks jokes to beguile the tedium of the way and prevent his readers being bored. Or, bored by the solemnity of his own work, he may want a fling on his own account—so he winks at the public over the heads of his characters. It is a fascinating pastime, but it spoils the credibility of fiction; for the reader, seeing the author guy his own characters, concludes they are puppets after all. When an author jokes on his own account, he obtrudes himself, and that obtrusion is always at the expense of his characters; for, when we see the showman, we cease to believe that Punch and Judy are alive. Now, this whimsicality, usually in the form of exaggeration, lessens the credibility not only of incidents, but of the whole of Mr. Barrie's plot; for it appears at those moments which are turning-points of the drama, and we discount them a little on that account, and by this discounting the credibility of the whole narrative is lessened.

Mr. Hewlett, who in "The Forest Lovers" approved himself a master of chivalric romance, could scarcely have found a subject apter to his hand than the career of Richard of the Lion Heart. The reader, therefore, who has already tasted this author's quality will approach "Richard Yea-and-Nay" eagerly, and cannot fail to be held to the end; but he will lay down the book with a feeling at once of gratification and of question; gratification at the rightness of the spirit which informs the work, question as to the letter, which is very daring in its dealings with history. In the case of Richard, however, about whom such a cloud of fascinating myth has gathered, we need not quarrel with Mr. Hewlett if, while rigidly denying himself Blondel, he has added a myth or two more; for they subserve so well the development of a story which has for its leading motives the two great contradictory elements of the Lion Heart's character, his moods of "Yea" and "Nay," the incessant war of head and heart. It is, in a word, historical romance become psychological. Throughout, the spiritual tension is at breaking point. The book is a record of broken hearts. Jehane St. Pol, Alois of France, Berengère, are sacrificed for this medieval egoist, Richard, and the sacrifice is not of the common order, for their suffering springs from what Richard renounces rather than from what he claims—a noble situation, truly, and deftly handled. Jehane St. Pol comes as a notable addition to the gallery of romantic heroines. Gold-girdled, lissom, and with sulky mouth that belies her disposition, often

dimly seen with drawn agonised face at her faldstool in the chapel, she is one whose portrait might well be found in miniature on the margin of some missal curiously wrought. About her floats an atmosphere ineffable. Definitions are not for such, for Jehane's world is that of Keats's *Madeline*, though her fortunes were less happy. Mr. Hewlett's boldest stroke is Jehane's finding destiny in the Old Man of the Mountain, high priest of "hashchish," master of the assassins. Less skillfully managed, such a dénouement would have been revolting; but we acquiesce, we know not why. With the ordinary business of chivalric story, the jousts, combats, *trouvère* songs, dalliance, all the pagantry of love and war, we are less concerned; but it is well done in the manner Walter Scott has set, though Mr. Hewlett's picture of the seamy side of the Crusades is a good corrective to Scott's glamour. After "Richard Yea-and-Nay," the desire to revise our "Talisman" is irresistible and the task rewarding.

We have been reading (with a renewal of an old pleasure) "Penelope's Experiences in England" in a very charming edition designed presumably to catch the eye of



"THERE WERE THIRTEEN MEN IN LINE BEHIND ME."

Reproduced from "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland," by permission of Messrs. Gay and Bird.

the Christmas purchaser, and with it a uniform volume of "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland," which is fresh to us, and strikes us as being even happier than its predecessor. It is noticeable that whereas in England Mrs. Wiggin's clever eye and light touch are chiefly occupied with the things upon the surface of social existence, in Scotland she penetrates the national character. Possibly we are laying too much stress upon the space taken up by the man-servant in the London section, and at the same time forgetting to what extent General Assemblies and the like are in Scotland the merest superficialities of life. But if not, and there is to be found in Mrs. Wiggin's treatment of them some clue to the diversities in the races north and south of the Tweed, we must leave it to the ingenious reader to follow it up for himself. Our space admits of no such delightful though totemarious pursuit.

Mr. Morley Roberts is so clever a story-teller that it is a pity he should have had the inspiration to write "Lord Lintithgow," in which the interest lies chiefly in the intrigues of well-known politicians. It is impossible to mistake their identity. Lord Lintithgow is Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Eustace Loder is Mr. Cecil Rhodes. There is a whole string of personages who are equally familiar. Mr. Morley Roberts avails himself of such a political fact as that Mr. Rhodes gave ten thousand pounds to the Irish Nationalist Party funds, and then he proceeds to abuse the license of fiction by making Mr. Loder give five thousand pounds to the Liberal Party funds in exchange for a pledge that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme should not exclude the Irish members from Westminster. This mixing of fact and figment makes it impossible to regard Mr. Morley Roberts either as a politician or as an artist. His Lord Lintithgow seeks to effect a *coup d'état* by the publication of letters which reveal the depravity of the "official Liberals" in taking Mr. Loder's money and then breaking their agreement with him. This impertinent nonsense has not the merit of being clever, and there is no interest in the moral scruples of Lintithgow's agent, an aristocratic young gentleman who blackmails a hysterical editor to obtain possession of the incriminating documents. One scene in the book partially redeems the author's reputation. The blackmailing aristocrat is engaged to a charming simpleton, who is shocked by his behaviour until she discovers that she loves him with a passionate nature that has long lain dormant. The revelation of her womanhood is an excellent piece of writing.





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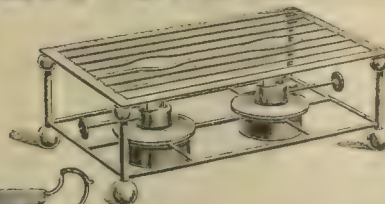
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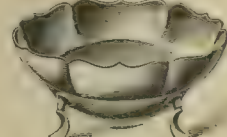
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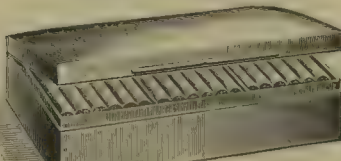
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ANECDOTAL  
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PARIS."

I am writing this in the train from Amsterdam to Cologne, whither I am going to await the arrival of Mr. Kruger. I have even less of a personal quarrel with the Dutch than had Voltaire when leaving Holland, and for many reasons I am more sympathetically inclined towards its inhabitants than he could have ever been; yet I am afraid that a longer stay among them would have produced as spiteful, if not perhaps as alliterative, a vocabulary greeting as his. The reader may remember it; lest he should not, I beg to repeat it—"Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille!" It was not worthy of the then greatest wit in Europe, and my farewell would probably have done less credit to my small reputation for saying smart things now and then.

Upon the face of it, Voltaire's farewell line was too obvious, as far as two of its substantives were concerned; the third, treating the Dutch as "scum," was nothing short of a libel. The Dutch are not "scum"; even their lower classes are as well behaved as most others in Europe, and perhaps better than many. The waterways with



RETURN OF THE BRISTOL ENGINEERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA: THE CONTINGENT AT THE ROYAL HOTEL, BRISTOL.

All these Volunteer members of the 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment, under Captain Stanott, have returned to Bristol, save one, who is in Netley Hospital. On November 23 the City welcomed back her sons with enthusiasm. A thanksgiving service was held in the cathedral, and a luncheon was given by the Lord Mayor at the Royal Hotel.

Photo. Iron Castle, Cityson

which the country is intersected are, in spite of several drawbacks, too picturesque to lend themselves to condemnatory epigram on the part of a man endowed with the artistic perception of the immortal Frenchman. There

basis of that facility, indeed phenomenal, must be inborn, and have grown with ages to reach the development it has reached. The appetite which finds its food just now in only one subject is, however, different in many

remains, then, the word "canard," and it is in connection with this that during the last fourteen months, if not before, I have come to the conclusion that the term must be taken in a figurative rather than in a literal sense. "Canard" in French means many other things besides "duck"; it signifies, above all, to the newspaper-readers of the whole world a "cock-and-bull story," and the interpretation dates from at least the beginning of the sixteenth century; consequently it was familiar to Voltaire two hundred years later, seeing that ordinary people understood it.

Well, to judge by the actual state of affairs in Holland with regard to the phenomenally easy swallowing of the most extraordinary tales, the craving for them must have been sufficiently conspicuous in Voltaire's days to have justified his reference to it in his parting words; for no nation, however credulous, could possibly attain the facility just alluded to in a short time. The gullibility which is the

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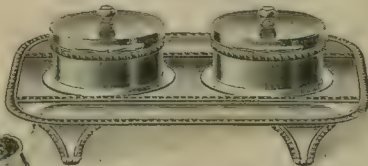
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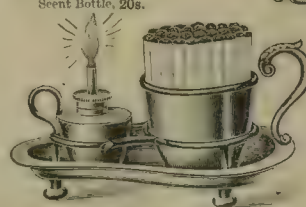
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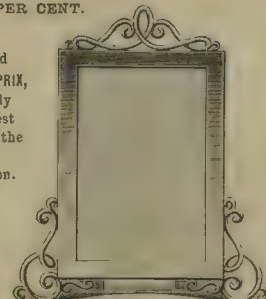
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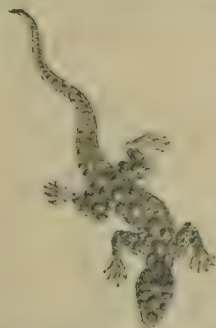
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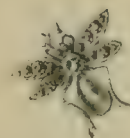
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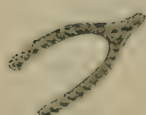
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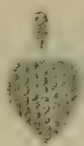
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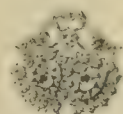
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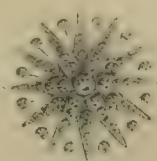
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respects from that of the Marseillais, to which I alluded a few weeks ago. The foreign provider of the Mun-chausen article is always more or less regarded with suspicion by the inhabitants of the great French seaport. It is not because they suspect the genuineness of his mendacity—if that be not a bull—but because the article, though the ingredients may be right, lacks the flavouring they prefer. No amount of seasoning, even by a Marseillais, can ever make it as palatable as the native product of his fellow-townsmen. It is like the foreign-made orange-juice which is sold from the south coast. This indifference to the foreign article has another cause apart from all Frenchmen's judgment being in the superiority of their own wares. The Marseillais, as before the present war, the world had never known, and brooks no rivalry in that respect. He regards the mantle of Ananias and Sapphira as a precious heirloom, and would not change it for the proverbially pure robe of veracity attributed to Washington. The contrary is the case with the Dutch. Though fond of fantastic tales, they are too proud of their fame as truthful men to manufacture them themselves. Like a great many of their luxuries and necessities, they import



ARMOURED TRAIN, CARRYING COLT GUNS, AT BRAAMFONTEIN.

The illustration represents the fighting part of an armoured train at Braamfontein railway station. This train was employed protecting the line from Vereeniging to Pretoria. In the front of the first truck is a "Pom-Pom"; in the back portion of the same truck will be noticed the Colt automatic gun, the handle of which is held by one of the men. The centre truck is protected only by rifles, but in the rearward truck are three more Colt guns. In spite of their small size and weight of only forty pounds, these weapons are each capable of firing continuously at the rate of eight shots a second.

them from abroad, and if they propagate and disseminate lies, they do not take the virtual responsibility of their authorship, any more than they assumed the burden in that respect of the many questionable books, and often altogether spurious works, of certain celebrities they—

anything, too courteous, for they would fain convert him to their belief. I had not crossed the German frontier an hour when I found that the infection had spread, but as I shall most likely be here for another week, I will give that and other experiences in my next.

the Dutch—published in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The newspapers have not lost their cunning in vicarious lying, and for some considerable time they have, in connection with South African affairs, done nothing else. For the last few days in their campaign against England, and their rehearsal of the apotheosis of Kruger, the acme of that propagation was apparently reached. As usual, their material, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is derived from French sources, but since Kruger has posted his visit, their late future possibilities of that story of disseminating truth and full stories, which I fear are too completely incapable of carrying. And the people swallow the "stuff"—for it is not worthy of any man's credulity and I would believe, swallow nothing else for the moment in the way of information. Nevertheless, they are perfectly courteous to the individual Englishman—if

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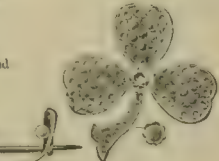
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## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- W H GENDRY (Exeter).**—The position in hand is correct, but we should prefer the other if it can be made right.
- J O M (Port Erin).**—Do you understand chess? If in Problem No. 255 Black plays anything for first move—suppose he plays K takes R—where is there mate?
- A W DANIEL.**—Your problem is too weak for our acceptance.
- PUZZLED.**—We think White ought to win, but we will examine the position more carefully before final decision.
- F HEATLEY.**—Excellent! It is reserved for our Christmas-week number.
- D MACRAE.**—We shall be pleased to publish both your problems.
- P H WHITNEY.**—Marked for insertion.
- A V.**—Another solution by 1. B to K 4th (ch).
- EMERSON DAW (Morpeth).**—Problem is marked for insertion.
- EDWARD HENRY.**—Write to Tribune, 22, Charing Cross Road, or David Nutt, Long Acre.
- W P K (Clifton).**—Certainly.
- G DE MEURS (Brussels).**—The specimen you kindly send of Brussels chess shall have early attention.

**CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 250** received from A C M. Valparaiso, of Nov. 25, 1900, and 246 from C A M. (Penny), of Nov. 25, 1900, and 248 from E H Van Noorden (Cape Town), of Nov. 25, 1900, from Perry (Chicago, New York), of No. 250, from F J Gandy (Lunenburg, Wells, Maine, Boston), Henry A Donovan (Liswell), Hereward, C R Shaw Stewart, T Roberts, C E Peruzzi, H S Brandreth (Florence), J Maxworthy (Hook), and W M Kelly (Worthing); of No. 252, from Clement C Danby, H. Wood, Joseph Orford (Liverpool), H S Brandreth (Florence), J Bailey (Newcastle), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), and W M Kelly.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2503** received from F W C (Wallingford), P W Moore (Brighton), Hereward, A Mackay (Edinburgh), Major Nangle, Clement C Danby, P Chipping (Brighton), James Henry, J Maxworthy, P J B. (Hampshire), F E. (Hampshire), P E. (Hampshire), C E Peruzzi, Charles Burnett, C R Shaw Stewart, F J Gandy, Martin T. H Le Jeune, P L. (Long Island), J A S Hanbury (Hampshire), W van Beveren, Somerset, G I Hughes (Dublin), L. E. (Hampshire), C. (Hampshire), Henry A. (Hampshire), F. (Hampshire), A. (Hampshire), F. H. Marsh (Brighton), P B (Worthing), J Hall, Shalford, Julia Short (Exeter), J F Moon, Rev. A. (Hampshire), C M A B. Edward J. Sharpe, H S Brandreth, C B U. (Oxford), R Wortley (Canterbury), W A Talbot (Edinburgh), F. (Hampshire), Thomas Smith (Brighton), Albert Henry to Paris, I G. W. (Hampshire), Henry Brown (Amsbury), G Cooper (Surrey), M A Eyre (Folkestone), Hermit, and W Curwen (Barnett, Manchester).

## CHESS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Game played between Messrs. J. E. LEIGHT and F. DANBORN.

Black's Opening.

- |                |                |                     |                |
|----------------|----------------|---------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. D.) | WHITE (Mr. L.)      | BLACK (Mr. D.) |
| 1. P to K 4th  | P to K 4th     | 16. K takes R       |                |
| 2. P to B 4th  | K to K 3rd     | 17. Q to R 5th (ch) | K to K 3rd     |
| 3. P to Q 3rd  | B to B 4th     | 18. P to Q 4th (ch) | K to Q 2nd     |
| 4. K to K 3rd  | P to Q 3rd     | 19. Q to K 4th (ch) | K to K 2nd     |
| 5. P to K 3rd  | K to B 3rd     | 20. B takes P (ch)  | K to B 2nd     |
| 6. P to B 3rd  | P to Q 3rd     | 21. Q to B 3rd (ch) |                |
1. White's opening is rather pointless.
2. Castles.
3. B to K 4th.
4. B to K 4th.
5. P to Q 4th.
6. P takes P.
7. B to K 3rd.
8. P to B 4th.
9. Q to Q 3rd.
10. K to K 3rd.
11. B takes K (ch).
12. B takes K (ch).
13. K to K 3rd.
14. B takes K (ch).
15. K to K 3rd.
16. B takes P (ch).
17. White now gives in for a wholesale sacrifice. Q to R 5th is the only apparent sacrifice, but is fairly answered by Q to R 5th.
18. Black mates in two more moves.

## CHESS IN PRAGUE.

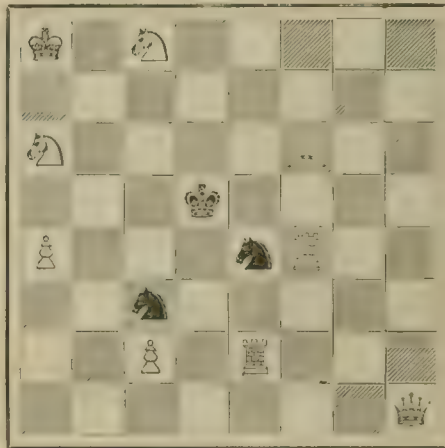
Game played by Mr. E. LANKER in a simultaneous exhibition.

Irregular Game.

- |                  |                |                  |                |
|------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Amateur.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) | WHITE (Amateur.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) |
| 1. P to K 4th    | P to K 4th     | 11. Castles      | R to K sq      |
| 2. K to K 3rd    | P to Q 4th     | 12. K to K 5th   | Q to Q 2nd     |
|                  |                | 13. Q to R 5th   | P to K 3rd     |
|                  |                | 14. P takes P    |                |
1. White's opening is for the benefit of the single performer, but the single performer has White and I lack it exactly.
2. P takes P.
3. K to K 3rd.
4. K to K 3rd.
5. P to Q 3rd.
6. R to Q 3rd.
7. B to Q 2nd.
8. Q to K 2nd.
9. K takes P.
10. P to Q 3rd.
11. P takes B.
12. K to K 5th.
13. P takes K.
14. P to Q 4th.
15. Q to R 5th.
16. Q to Q 2nd.
17. P takes K.
18. K to K 5th.
19. P to K 3rd.
20. Q to R 5th.
21. Q to Q 2nd.
22. P to K 3rd.
23. Q to K 3rd.
24. P to K 3rd.
25. Q to K 3rd.
26. K to K 3rd.
27. K to Q 4th.
28. K to Q 2nd.
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92. K to Q 2nd.
93. K to Q 2nd.
94. K to Q 2nd.
95. K to Q 2nd.
96. K to Q 2nd.
97. K to Q 2nd.
98. K to Q 2nd.
99. K to Q 2nd.
100. K to Q 2nd.

PROBLEM No. 255.—By the Rev. J. JEFFERSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 255.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE.

1. K to K sq.

2. K to Q 3rd.

3. R to R 4th, mate.

BLACK.

K to K sq.

Any move.

If Black plays 1. K to R 4th, 2. R takes B P (ch); if 1. P to Q 5th, 2. R takes B P (ch); and if 1. P to R 5th, then 2. R takes P (ch), etc.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Recent correspondence in the newspapers has revived an interest in what, for the male mind at least, will always prove to be one of the most practical, interesting, and important of topics. When the dowager in the play told the young wife that the way to keep the men at home and successfully to rival the attractions of the club was to "Feed the brutes!" she struck a note on the gamut of the social scale of a very true order. It is this question of "feeding the brutes" which lies at the foundation of a good deal of personal comfort and of national prosperity as well. An ill-fed man is a discontented man; an ill-fed nation is always on the verge of revolution. You cannot have people in the wilds of Ireland, for example (or anywhere else), cultivating contentment on starch and water—the potato, by the way, consisting of about 23 per cent. of starch, a little gluten and minerals, and the rest water. Long ago, I used to say in public that the wrongs of Ireland and of Highland crofters were nutritive wrongs. When your stomach is empty, with no prospect of near or immediate repletion, you are a pessimist, and you are apt to look kindly even on the gentleman (usually himself well fed) who tells you that the way to reform society is to blow it up. When you are well fed, all is changed. It is the after-dinner air of contentment that steals over you. Revolution fades away into the background; anarchy becomes an impossible mode of improving the social state; you are at peace with all men, and life looks rosy through the spectacles of adequate nutrition. And all this marvellous change of mental attitude comes about because you have "fed the brutes."

I have yet another argument in favour of feeding well—which means good cooking and the proper preparation of food. My abstaining friends are not too quick to see that a hungry, ill-fed man is exactly the subject who patronises the publican as a matter of course. I don't blame him, for alcohol gives him readily and at once a sense of satisfaction—temporary and delusive I admit, but still it fills the physiological void which should have been occupied by a good meal. The wives of the masses have a good deal to answer for in this matter of intemperance. If they "fed their brutes" the latter would not experience the craving for alcohol which the hungry man experiences, and which he proceeds to quench and satisfy at the first bar he comes to.

All the complaints regarding lack of culinary excellence should be bettered—they must be bettered if we are to hold our own as a nation in the universal struggle for existence that prevails. The remedy lies with the women-folk. If "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," it has a companion in the hand that deftly prepares the food of the breadwinners. I would begin by insisting that in every Board school we should have a full instalment of apparatus for teaching cookery to the senior girls. If I were an educational autocrat endowed with plenary powers, I

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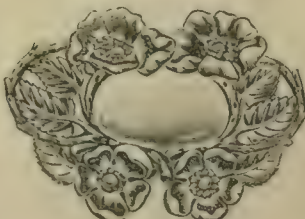
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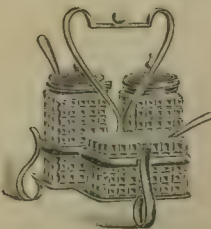
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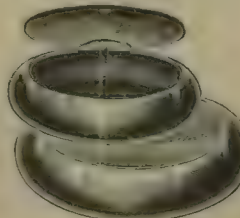
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"Queen's" Plate Breakfast Cruet, Cut Glass Bottle. New design, 11s. 6d.



Solid Silver Pocket Tobacco Box, 1 1/2 inches. 2 1/2 inches. 3 1/2 inches. 4 1/2 inches. 5 1/2 inches. 6 1/2 inches. 7 1/2 inches. 8 1/2 inches. 9 1/2 inches. 10 1/2 inches. 11 1/2 inches. 12 1/2 inches. 13 1/2 inches. 14 1/2 inches. 15 1/2 inches. 16 1/2 inches. 17 1/2 inches. 18 1/2 inches. 19 1/2 inches. 20 1/2 inches. 21 1/2 inches. 22 1/2 inches. 23 1/2 inches. 24 1/2 inches. 25 1/2 inches. 26 1/2 inches. 27 1/2 inches. 28 1/2 inches. 29 1/2 inches. 30 1/2 inches. 31 1/2 inches. 32 1/2 inches. 33 1/2 inches. 34 1/2 inches. 35 1/2 inches. 36 1/2 inches. 37 1/2 inches. 38 1/2 inches. 39 1/2 inches. 40 1/2 inches. 41 1/2 inches. 42 1/2 inches. 43 1/2 inches. 44 1/2 inches. 45 1/2 inches. 46 1/2 inches. 47 1/2 inches. 48 1/2 inches. 49 1/2 inches. 50 1/2 inches. 51 1/2 inches. 52 1/2 inches. 53 1/2 inches. 54 1/2 inches. 55 1/2 inches. 56 1/2 inches. 57 1/2 inches. 58 1/2 inches. 59 1/2 inches. 60 1/2 inches. 61 1/2 inches. 62 1/2 inches. 63 1/2 inches. 64 1/2 inches. 65 1/2 inches. 66 1/2 inches. 67 1/2 inches. 68 1/2 inches. 69 1/2 inches. 70 1/2 inches. 71 1/2 inches. 72 1/2 inches. 73 1/2 inches. 74 1/2 inches. 75 1/2 inches. 76 1/2 inches. 77 1/2 inches. 78 1/2 inches. 79 1/2 inches. 80 1/2 inches. 81 1/2 inches. 82 1/2 inches. 83 1/2 inches. 84 1/2 inches. 85 1/2 inches. 86 1/2 inches. 87 1/2 inches. 88 1/2 inches. 89 1/2 inches. 90 1/2 inches. 91 1/2 inches. 92 1/2 inches. 93 1/2 inches. 94 1/2 inches. 95 1/2 inches. 96 1/2 inches. 97 1/2 inches. 98 1/2 inches. 99 1/2 inches. 100 1/2 inches.



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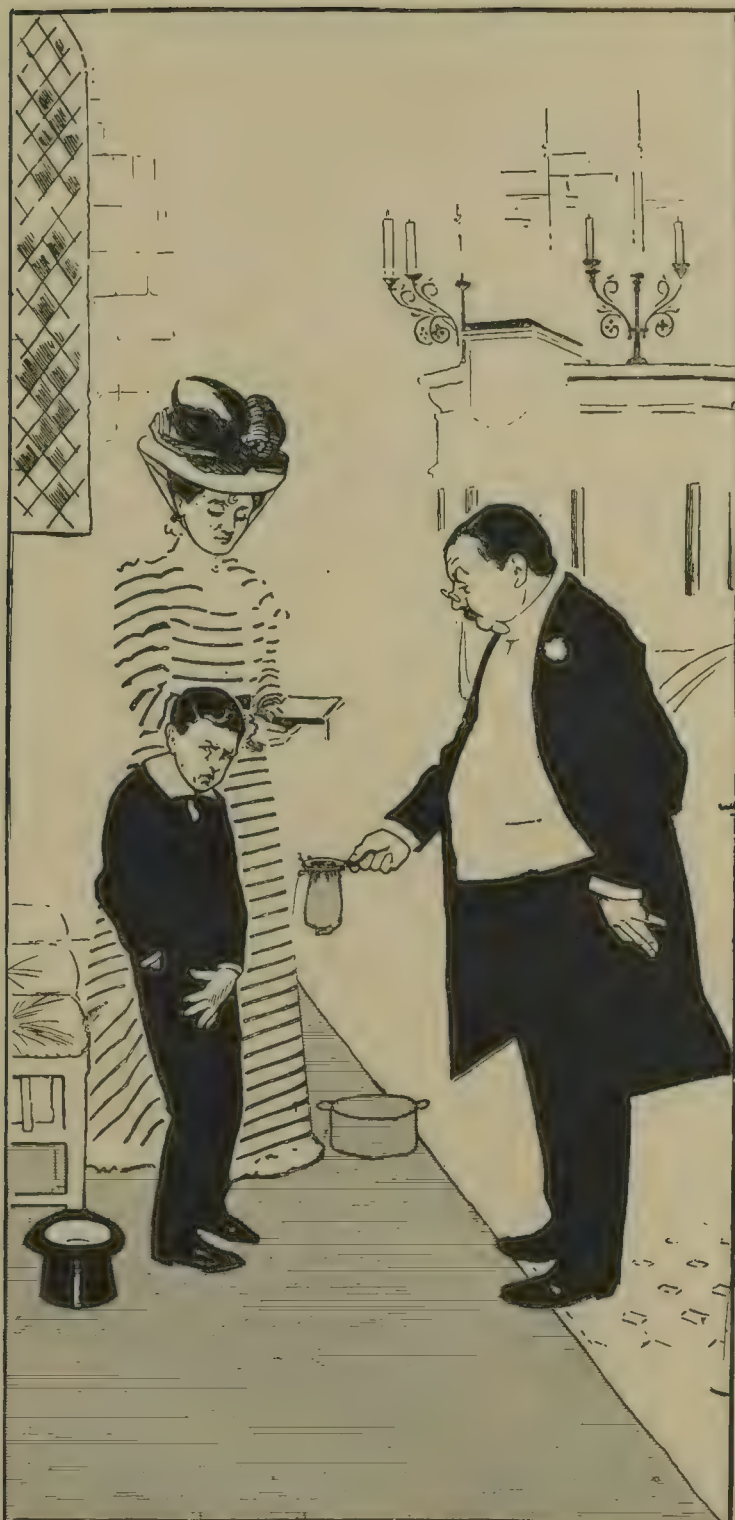


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Cigarettes.

## A Boon to Dyspeptics.

Quoted from "The Lady."

"In these high-pressure days, when men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own in the great battle of life, it is the exception rather than the rule to find anyone who does not suffer from that insidious and most distressing complaint—Dyspepsia—in one form or another. The most general symptoms of this disease—for it invariably develops into a disease if its progress remains unchecked—are loss of Appetite on most occasions, varied by craving desires for food which is extremely indigestible; fearful Depression of Spirits, together with various aches and pains in nearly every part of the body; the digestive organs refuse to perform their offices in a perfect manner, and, if neglected, the result is too often apparent in the contraction of cancer or tumour in the Stomach, abscess on the Liver, and many serious internal complications. The great remedies for these evils, if taken when Dyspepsia has not yet assumed its later, and, in fact, fatal phases, are a really good tonic and a careful diet, combined with sensible health precautions; but hitherto no entirely satisfactory tonic for Dyspeptics has been discovered, as most preparations of the kind contain iron or quinine in some form, which, though valuable preparations in many cases, are devoid of digestive qualities. The preparation known as Guy's Tonic is, however, a wonderfully efficacious remedy. It is entirely free from iron, and therefore does not induce Constipation, a most important consideration. It contains no quinine either, but is composed of Vegetable tinctures from the British Pharmacopœia, and is prepared from the formula of a London physician. It is more than a tonic, as besides strengthening the whole Nervous System, and correcting a Sluggish Liver, it assists the process of Digestion in a very great degree; moreover, it is pleasant to take."



### Chronic Indigestion Cured by Guy's Tonic.

Miss McKenna, of 42, Tynwald Hill, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, writes on October 25, 1900:—

"As I have derived such benefit from Guy's Tonic, I think it right to let you know. For three years I suffered from indigestion, and on taking a half-bottle of Guy's Tonic I got so much relief that I did not need the remainder, which I gave to a friend. I know of several cases that it has cured. Space does not allow me to praise it sufficiently."

### Guy's Tonic Never Fails when Health is Run Down.

Miss M. Foxley, of 85, Rue Reaumur, Paris, writes on November 5, 1900:—

"I am writing to announce to you the really wonderful success of Guy's Tonic. I have often written for bottles since I have been in France, and it has never failed in cases of fatigue and run-down health, and even a bad cold was cured by the last bottle I had. A Lady to whom I recommended Guy's Tonic was quite worn out with fatigue and influenza cold, and after she had taken only two or three doses of Guy's Tonic, we all noticed the change for the better."

A new size (Six ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

# "What a delightful Present!"

### A THOUSAND THANKS

will reward the gift  
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received direct from  
the distillers, con-  
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**6 BOTTLES**  
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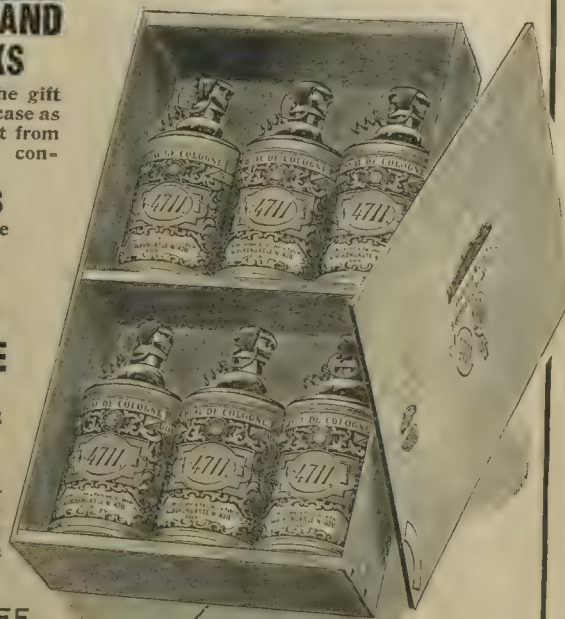
### CAUTION:

See that the  
No. 4711  
is on the outer  
case and on  
each bottle, and  
that the seals  
are not broken.

**POST FREE,**  
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From any Dealer in Perfumery in the United Kingdom. In Delicacy  
and Lasting Properties the "4711" surpasses all other Brands.  
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would decree that no girl should leave school without having been taught plain cookery. Mind you, I say plain cookery. It is all very well for the well-to-do man to insist on his "kickshaws." He likes them and can pay for them, therefore let him have them. But what is wanted for the nation is the universal knowledge of plain cooking—the boiling of potatoes, the utilisation of yesterday's remains to form a tasty dish for to-day, and the all-round knowledge which enables the woman to cater cheaply and well for the household of which she is the head and mother in the truest sense of the term.

If it be pleaded that this universal instruction in the culinary art is impossible in view of educational requirements, I should say, do away with a good deal of the fanciful and the ornamental in education, and let our girls be made housewives first and cultured women afterwards. How bitter is Herbert Spencer's invective when, in describing how the ornamental overrides the useful in education, he remarks that it will be small comfort to a mother who has lost her child from the after-effects of scarlet fever to know that she can read Dante in the original. A knowledge of hygiene would have been of priceless value to such a woman where the ability to chatter in Italian is only an accomplishment.

We must see also that the teaching of cookery is based and conducted on scientific lines. Begin by teaching the

physiology of foods. Show the nature and uses of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous diet. Give the composition of foods, and pass then to diet-tables, illustrating the combinations of foods to show how economy is evolved by getting out of one food what another lacks. Teach that tea and coffee are not foods, while cocoa is a true food, and thus initiate a needed reform for those who have not too much money to spend on food at all. Show how peas and beans and lentils are highly nutritious vegetables, and how economical dishes may be made thereof. Then pass to the practical work of the cook, and show how the scientific side explains the reasons why you do certain things in cooking and not others. It is, in a word, technical education applied to the preparation of food. I have often wondered why, as a practical nation, we have not made such training universal, and to-day I am still compelled to ask, why?

I do not think the middle-class girl has yet realised the enormous advantage a training in cookery gives her in the matrimonial scramble. This is, perhaps, a rude way of putting a plain fact, but it is a direct fashion of telling our girls a wholesome truth. Accomplishments are all very well when father can afford a handsome dot, or the husband a thousand a year for household expenses. But a true woman must ever find a pleasure in superintending her household; and she must be able to replace the cook when, on account of, say, "sudden indisposition," that

important personage collapses at a critical moment. The old Scottish dame was right when, after hearing a friend debate on the high character of a cook whose services were proffered, replied—"I dinna care a bawbee for her morals. Can she cook collops?"

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Thomas Beecham, eldest son of Mr. Joseph Beecham, of Iluyton, near Liverpool, and grandson of Mr. Thomas Beecham, of Southport, Lancashire, and Miss Utica C. Welles, daughter of Mr. Charles Stuart Welles, M.D., of 9, Roland Gardens, London, and of New York.

A series of tours to the South of France and Italy at exceptionally low fares has been arranged for the present season by the L. B. and S. C. Railway, via the Newhaven and Dieppe route. These tours cover the French and Italian Riviera and the Italian cities as far as Naples. By a ticket costing £10 first class and £7 7s. second class it is now possible to visit the whole Riviera coast between Cete and Genoa, including Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, San Remo, etc. The return journey is made from Genoa; but a supplementary ticket at a small cost permits an extension of the tour to Rome, Florence, or Venice. The journey can be broken at Paris in both directions, thus saving the fatigue of the long through journey between London and the Mediterranean.

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## "THE FLAME OF LIFE."

To English readers "The Flame of Life," by Gabriele d'Annunzio, translated by Cassandra Vivaria (London: Heinemann), will seem to be a novel of so new a kind as to be hardly a novel at all. The scene is in Venice; nothing happens except a few gondola-rides, a speech, and the death of Richard Wagner. Two people, the poet Stelio Pittena and the actress La Poesarina, live through the brief hours of a devouring passion, in all the tragic anxiety of lovers who doubt each other and themselves. To both love has come as an episode, an interruption to art; to the man it is to be a stepping-stone, and the woman, perhaps, is to be the stepping-stone. It is all summed up in these two sentences on one of the pages: "The will of the one was saying: 'I love you, and I want you all, body and soul, for my own.' The will of the other was saying: 'You shall love me and you shall serve me, but I can renounce nothing in life that excites my desire.'" There, in that conflict of two wills, two desires, two temperaments absolutely sincere, too sincere for illusion, sincere to the point of cruelty, lies the whole story. And this psychology without incident becomes more absorbing than any adventure because it is, as Pater says of Rossetti, "a crisis at every moment." D'Annunzio writes novels as others write poetry; there is not a word which does not bring with it its own emotion or its own atmosphere. His elaborate prose is never languid; it may be monotonous, but it is the



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO,  
AUTHOR OF "THE FLAME OF LIFE."

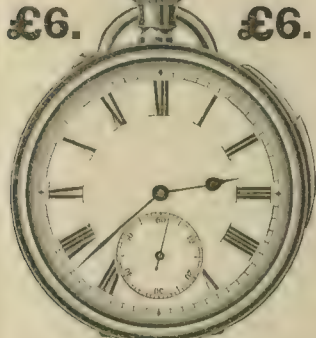
monotony of Eastern music, prolonged, piercing, a persistent crying of the nerves. And this book, with its intricate, ornamented style, has been translated into English as nothing of d'Annunzio has yet been translated into English, with an accuracy faithful to every word and almost to every rhythm. As I read it in English I can hear the Italian, as if a piece of music, written for the orchestra, had been faultlessly transposed for the piano. I am prepared to hear that this novel is immoral; judged by the conventional English standard, it is immoral. But the reason why it is not, at any moment, really immoral is that there is nothing in it which is not beautiful; and beauty is never immoral. D'Annunzio sees only a part of life; he sees only the visible world and the senses; passion with him is a flame of the earth's centre, not a flame out of the sky. And in this novel, for the first time in his novels, there is a consciousness of something more than mutual desire, an ineffectual consciousness, indeed, between his lovers; one of whom, the woman, endures passion more nobly than any other of his imaginary persons. In La Poesarina we get at least the suggestion of a soul.—ARTHUR SYMONS.

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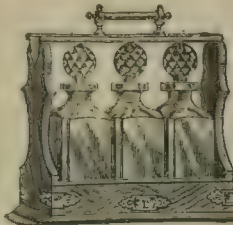
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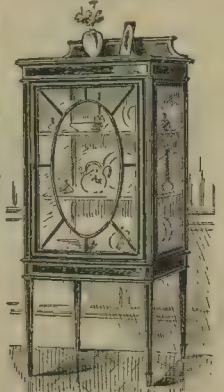
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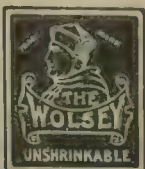
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have to go out of doors in the midst of rain and storms on errands of mercy, or on the regular duties of every-day life, and **even the Best of us** catch cold, contract chills, etc., which, if not properly attended to, may lead to serious consequences. **Even the Best of us** must *be thankful* for

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1898) of Mr. Themistocles Pandia Petrocchino, of Sedgley House, Sedgley Park, Prestwich, who died in Paris on Oct. 16, was proved on Nov. 28 by Mrs. Maria Petrocchino, the widow, John Ambrose Negropondo, Manuel Anastasio Capella, John Emmanuel Agelasto, and George Stamat Frangoulis, the sons-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £117,890. The testator gives £250 and his wines, carriages and horses, and the income, for life, of his residuary estate to his wife. Subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his children, Mrs. Maria de Negropondo, Mrs. Frances Capella, Mrs. Augusta Agelasto, Mrs. Julia Frangoulis, and Mrs. Themistocles Pandia Petrocchino, and Pandia Themistocles Petrocchino.

The will (dated March 23, 1899) of Mr. John Kelso, of The Grange, Staveley, Yorkshire, who died on June 4, was proved on Nov. 23 by Albert de Lande Long, Marshall Stephenson, and Thomas Young Bramwell, the brothers-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £107,961. The testator gives and devises The Grange, with the furniture and household effects therein, to Marshall Stephenson. Subject thereto he leaves all his property, in equal shares, to his four sisters Mrs. Susannah

Long, Mrs. Elizabeth Greenwood, Mrs. Isabella Bramwell, and Mrs. Charlotte Stephenson.

The will (dated March 4, 1885) of Henry, third Duke of Wellington, of Apsley House, Piccadilly, and Strathfieldsaye, Hants, who died on June 8, was proved on Nov. 23 by Arthur Charles, fourth Duke of Wellington, the brother, and Thomas Anthony Hilda Williams, the brother-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £104,319. The testator gives £11,000, and certain horses, carriages, and harness to his wife, Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington; and £500 to T. A. H. Williams. The residue of his property he leaves to the person who shall succeed him as Duke of Wellington.

The will (dated July 22 last) of Sir George William Allen, K.C.I.B., of 13, Palace Gardens, London, and Free Chase, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, and a proprietor of the *Pioneer* newspaper, who died on Nov. 4 last, has been presented for probate by Mr. G. B. Allen, his son, Mr. James Allen, his brother, Sir Charles Turner, K.C.I.B., his brother-in-law, and Mr. W. J. Dare. These gentlemen are nominated as general executors and trustees, the said Mr. G. B. Allen and Mr. W. J. Dare, with Mr. H. D. Allen, another son, being also executors and trustees of the estate in India. The value of the English assets

amounts to £56,183 5s. 2d., and the Indian assets are estimated at about £90,000. The testator, after various pecuniary and complimentary legacies to relatives, executors, and friends, bequeaths to Lady Allen an annuity of £1000 during widowhood, and his house, 13, Palace Gardens, with its contents. The will provides for remuneration to the extent of £500 a year for the executors and trustees, who are specially authorised to continue his interests in the various businesses in India and elsewhere in which he was concerned. The testator provides for making up the fortune of each of his three daughters to £20,000; directs his executors to offer his freehold estate of Free Chase, with the contents, to his eldest son, Mr. G. B. Allen, before disposing of it else where; and leaves the residue of his property, real and personal, to his three sons, Mr. G. B. Allen, Mr. H. D. Allen, and Mr. C. T. Allen.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1888) of Mr. Edward Joseph Lowe, F.R.S., J.P., of Shirenewton Hall, near Chipping, Monmouth, who died on March 10, was proved at the Llandaff District Registry on Oct. 24 by Mrs. Anne Lowe, the widow, and Hugh Leo Peyton Lowe, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £50,584. The testator gives his scientific instruments, fossils, and

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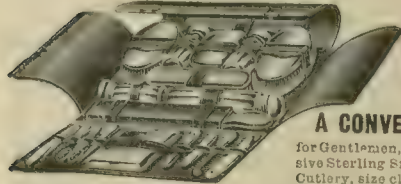
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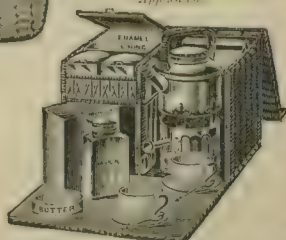
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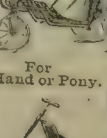
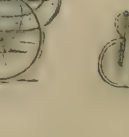
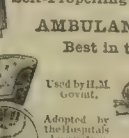
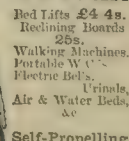
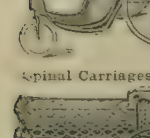
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curiosities, part of his furniture, and £350 per annum during the life of Mrs. Lowe, to his son; £150 to his late servant Mary Walker; and the income, for life, of his residuary estate to his wife. At her decease he gives £10,000 to his son; his plate, pictures, and books between his son and grandson; and the ultimate residue of his property to his grandson, Percival Edward Hurst Lowe.

The will (dated March 4, 1891), with a codicil (dated March 14, 1898), of Mr. James Thomson, of Hensill, Hawkhurst, Kent, who died on July 20, was proved on Nov. 23 by Frederick Ross Thomson, the son, and Mrs. Elizabeth Hudson, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £49,456. The testator gives Hensill, with the lands and cottages, farm stock and implements,

furniture and domestic effects, to his son Frederick Ross; £240 per annum to his son James Alexander Skene Thomson for life, and then £100 per annum to his widow; and legacies to servants. Moor House, Hawkhurst, is to be held upon trust for his daughter for life, then for her unmarried daughters, and subject thereto for his son Frederick Ross. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to his son Frederick Ross, and the other half, upon trust, for his daughter for life, and then, as she shall appoint, to her children.

The will of Lord Esme Stuart Gordon, of Bella Vista, Maidenhead, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Nov. 26 by Ralph Watson, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £11,839.

The will of Mr. Claude John Morris, J.P., of Rutland Lodge, Buxton, who died on Oct. 8, was proved on Nov. 22 by Miss Julia Rylands Morris, the sister, and Alexander Edgar Paterson, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £5581.

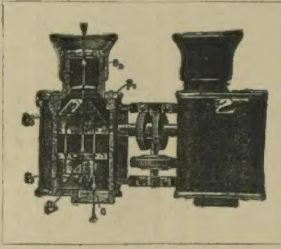
The will and codicil of Mr. Herbert Barnes, of Hill Side, Caterham Valley, who died on Oct. 7, were proved on Nov. 17 by Walter Hickman Barnes, the son, the executor, the value of the estate being £5591.

Diaries of all sizes, styles, and prices can be obtained from Messrs. Walker, Farringdon House, Warwick Lane, E.C. All are tastefully got-up and well arranged.

## MODERN FIELD-GLASSES.

To the Naval and Military Officer, the Sportsman, and the Tourist, a binocular is most necessary. The War in South Africa and the operations in China have awakened an interest in field-glasses, which is so widespread that the reader will certainly be interested in the following description of the new prismatic type of glass which is so rapidly supplanting glasses of the older form of construction, in consequence of a combination of those advantages which go to form a perfect field-glass—highest power, finest definition, largest field, smallest size, and lightest weight.

The most perfect models of prismatic field-glasses which represent the highest standard of modern optical perfection, are the famous Goerz Trieder Binoculars, which have done, and are still doing, excellent service in South Africa, and with which a great part of the German Army, the recognised Model Army of Europe, is equipped. The ray of light entering the glass is bent by reflecting prisms, as the reader can see in the accompanying figure, which shows the inner construction of this ingenious instrument. An enormous advantage the Goerz glasses have over



all other existing prismatic field-glasses is the ease with which they are adjusted to the eyes. The Goerz Trieder Binoculars can be focused with one hand only, which is far more convenient than having to use both, as is necessary with almost all other prismatic glasses. On horse-back this drawback to other glasses renders their use most difficult, if not impossible.

The extended field of view of the Goerz Trieder Binoculars is the greatest hitherto obtained in any glass, and this, together with the fine definition, even up to the extreme margin, is due to the special object glasses which are the patent of the Goerz Works. With this larger field of view it is easy to keep the binocular on the required object, an operation very difficult with the hand telescopes of the old construction, owing to their extremely narrow field.

A very interesting pamphlet, giving all details about the Trieder Binoculars, can be obtained from any good optician throughout the United Kingdom, or, if this paper is mentioned, it will be sent post-free by the maker, C. P. Goerz, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C., on application to Department "I."

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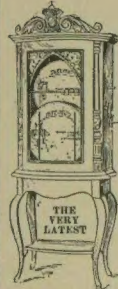
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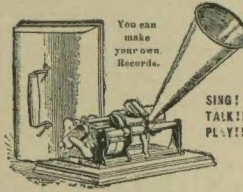
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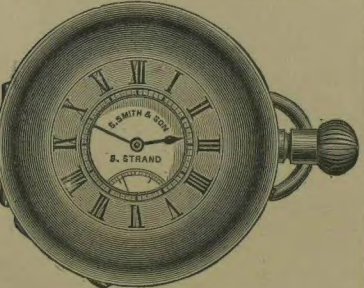
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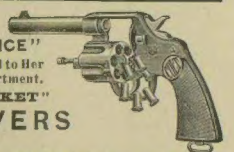
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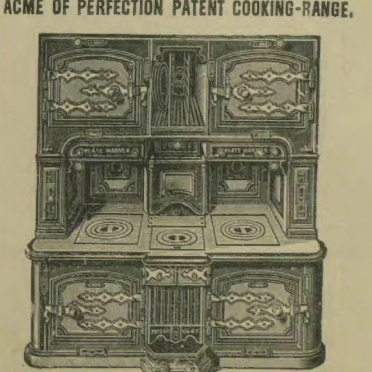
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of Bristol, who has been lying seriously ill at Whitby for some weeks, is now gradually progressing towards recovery, and hopes soon to return home. Dr. Pigeon's illness began some time ago, while he was taking part in a service.

"Peter Lombard" mentions in the *Church Times* that the late Rev. S. J. Stone used to write little gems of verse for his friends during his long and painful sickness. The last of these was composed only a few weeks ago. Few had better opportunities of watching Mr. Stone's work than "Peter Lombard," who is himself a City rector.

The Bishop of Landaff, following the example of the Bishops of Lichfield and Salisbury, has opened a Century Fund for church extension. He hopes to raise a million shillings. The various diocesan schemes may possibly require two or three years for completion, and it will be interesting to see how the Church funds compare with those raised collectively by the Nonconformist bodies.

Berkeley Chapel has at length been reopened, and Prebendary Grane, the new incumbent, preached to large

congregations on Sunday. The late Rector of Bexhill was one of the most successful of the seaside clergy. During eleven years he collected £44,000, and inaugurated two daughter parishes. He is a moderate High Churchman and a good preacher.

A very interesting programme of Lenten services has been arranged for Westminster Abbey. Archdeacon Wilberforce will preach on Sunday afternoons and Canon Gore in the evenings.

The Dean's annual sermon to children is promised for Friday, Dec. 28. Owing to illness, the Dean was prevented from taking this service last year, and his absence threw a shadow over the Christmas holidays. Dean Bradley's health has been very satisfactory during the summer and autumn.

No one was surprised at the refusal of the Bishop of London to prosecute the five Ritualist clergymen against whom complaint had been made by some unknown accuser. He takes the perfectly safe ground that the complaints are identical, and that they were submitted by one person, who wrote from a London club, and who supplied no

evidence that he belonged to any of the five parishes. The letter to the Archdeacon is the first published communication which has been received since the beginning of Dr. Creighton's illness, and I hope it may be taken as a sign that he is now nearly well again.

Minor Canon Kelly, who succeeds the late Professor Shuttleworth at St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, will retain his house in Amen Court instead of moving to the Rectory, Lambeth Hill.

The new Rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill, will receive a stipend of £800 instead of £2000, the former income of the benefice. The remaining revenues will be divided between four poor parishes in Bethnal Green, Clerkenwell, and Victoria Docks.

Professor Collins will lecture at Lambeth Parish Church on Sunday afternoons during Advent. The subject will be, "Some of the Principles of the Prayer Book." Other interesting Advent lectures will be those of Canon Armitage Robinson of Westminster on "The Study of the Gospels," which will be given at Westminster Abbey on Saturday afternoons.

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